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LITTLE WORDS.

BY F. CAMPBELL.

Six little words lay claim to me each passing day—
I ought, I must, I can, I will, I dare, I may.
I Ought: That is the law God on my heart has written,
The mark for which my soul is with strong yearning smitten.
I Must: That is the bound set either side the way
By nature and the world, so that I shall not stray.
I Can: That measures out the power entrusted me
Of action, knowledge, art, skill and dexterity.
I Will: No higher crown on human head can rest:
'Tis freedom's signet seal upon the soul impressed.
I Dare is the device which on the seal you read
By freedom's open door—a bolt for time of need.
I May among them all hovers uncertainty:
The moment must at last decide what it shall be.
I ought, I must, I can, I will, I dare, I may—
The six lay claim to me each hour of every day.
Teach me, oh God! and then, then shall I know each day
That which I ought to do, must, can, will dare and may.

A FATAL DOWER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HIS WEDDED WIFE," "LADYBIRD'S PENITENCE," "WE KISSED AGAIN," "ROBIN," "BUNCHIE," ETC

CHAPTER I.

WHEN John Daunt built the first cloth-mills at Ashford, in Broadshire, the county gentry, who mustered pretty strongly in the neighborhood, had been at first petrified with astonishment, then boiled over with wrath and indignation.

That their charming valley should be disfigured by those ugly structures of bricks and mortar rising on its beautiful sites, that their silvery streams should be stained with obnoxious dyes, that the streets of their quiet sleepy aristocratic old town, which piqued itself on its Conservative principles, should be overrun by mill-hands, that their select but eminently dull society should perhaps be taken by storm by some objectionable tradesman who had made his money by broadcloth, was not to be born with equanimity.

The whole population—at least "the upper ten"—of Ashford rose up in arms; they would petition Parliament—they would show these upstart *nouveaux riches* that they were not to be imposed upon; they would send Mr. Daunt to Coventry, and take very good care that their doors were not open to him.

It is doubtful whether John Daunt was ever aware of the animosity with which they regarded his establishing himself among them.

If he was, he certainly took no heed.

The sites chosen were admirably suited for his purpose, the water of the pretty river winding in and out among the mills like a silver eel was excellent for dyeing and no opposition would have prevented him from carrying out his plans.

Swiftly and inexorably the great many-windowed buildings rose, with their out-buildings and boilers and chimneys.

Presently the silvery waters in the neighborhood of these buildings became of as many colors as Joseph's coat, and on the surrounding fields lay great layers of wool drying and bleaching.

Long rows of pretty little cottages sprang up as if by magic.

Loud bells rang at stated hours, calling the mill-hands to work or announcing their dinner-hour, disturbing the decorous quiet of the little town.

Busy workers passed to and fro; the trades-people brightened at the rapid increase of business.

Mr. Daunt advertised for plans for a new church the old not being sufficient for the increasing number of inhabitants; and from a quiet sleepy indolent centre sprang up a hive-like community.

But the climax of Mr. Daunt's presumption was only reached, in the eyes of the gentry of Ashford, when he purchased the beautiful estate of Lambswold, and settled there with his wife and little son.

Lambswold had been for centuries in the possession of the ancient but impoverished family of Lanfidons; and the last of the race was heartily glad to find a purchaser for an estate which he had neither the means to keep up nor the inclination even if he had the means.

The sale itself was bad enough, Ashford thought; but that the beautiful park and stately Elizabethan residence should become the property of a tradesman was infinitely worse.

To be sure, their views were modified a little when it became known that Mr. Daunt's wife was an earl's daughter; and presently people thought it would only be right to call upon Lady Eva Daunt and receive her husband for her sake; and, having once done so, they found that the despised tradesman was a true-hearted, upright, honorable man, none the less a gentleman in the only true sense of the word because he was a clever man of business, who had to some extent indeed been the maker of his own fortune.

And thus gradually Mr. Daunt became the most influential man in Ashford, not only because of his vast wealth, but because of his great ability.

When his son was old enough to take an active share in the management of the business, John Daunt was elected to represent his borough in Parliament—the first Liberal candidate ever returned for Ashford.

This honor—one he duly prized and appreciated—kept Mr. Daunt in London during some months of the year; but Lady Eva and her fair young daughter remained at Lambswold.

Her ladyship's health was very delicate, and she was never so well as when she was at Lambswold.

It would be time enough to go to London she said, when she was obliged on Dolly's account.

Dolly was only seventeen now and could not be presented yet.

And Stephen Daunt, for reasons best known to himself perhaps, preferred Ashford to any other spot on earth.

He had made the tour on leaving college, and had never cared to go away for any time since.

He was thoroughly interested in his business, anxious for the moral and physical welfare of the "hands," and, if there were any other attraction which kept him at Lambswold during eleven months of the year, Dolly, with her bright blue eyes, was the only person who suspected it.

After all, it would have been difficult to find a more charming home than Lambswold.

The quaint old house stood in the midst of a well-wooded, extensive, and beautiful park which always looked lovely—in the spring with its tender greens and budding leaves, in the summer with its fuller, richer beauty, in the autumn with its varied tints of brown and russet and orange, and in the winter, when the grass was covered with snow and the trees were hung with icicles glittering in the sunshine like myriads of diamonds.

It was autumn now—for the month was September.

But few of the leaves had fallen as yet, for the weather had been mild and balmy; but the green of the foliage had given place to gold and brown and russet, and it was only the more lovely for the change.

Stephen Daunt, coming round from the stable-yard, whither he had driven on his return from the factory, to see a favorite dog which had been ailing, stood still for a moment on the broad stone steps leading up to the hall door, and looked away over the park, which familiarity had by no means robbed of its beauty in his eyes.

He was a tall man of thirty, strongly yet finely built, with dark gray eyes, which, although their usual expression was keen, almost piercing, could look very tender at times.

He was not a handsome man, but he was pleasant to look upon, and there was something very attractive in the blending of strength and languor which characterized his manner.

His hair was dark and slightly waved, but cut close to a well-shaped head, set proudly upon his shoulders, and he wore a short thick dark beard, which made him look older than his thirty years.

His dress was extremely plain, and utterly void of any suspicion of dandyism, but he wore it easily and well, and the cut of his coat showed that he patronized a first-rate tailor and did him honor.

The great iron-clamped hall door behind him was wide open, but Stephen stood looking over the autumnal landscape with a very softened dreamy look in his gray eyes and a little smile about his mouth, like the expression of one who has some pleasant thought to bear him company.

He lingered thus for a few minutes; then he turned and entered the house.

The gray autumn dusk had crept into the great hall, and was struggling with the ruddy light of the blazing fire for the mastery.

It was a stately, lofty apartment, with a floor and ceiling of shining dark oak, the latter massively carved, and a superb wainscoting and panels of the same wood.

There was a Turkey-carpet in the centre of the polished floor, the furniture consisting of high-backed carved chairs, and oaken cabinets containing curious old Indian china.

A handsome black retriever rose up from a rug before the fire, and came to meet Stephen wagging his tail in friendly salutation, and looking up into his face with pleading beautiful brown eyes.

"Eyes like," Stephen Daunt began, half aloud, then broke off suddenly, with a little laugh, and a slight color in his usually pale cheek, which perhaps had been brought there by the heat of the great wood-fire burning so cheerfully on the open hearth under the tall carved mantelpiece, the shelf of which was about level with Stephen's head, as he stood tall and straight before it.

Perhaps it was the recollection of those other eyes of which Rover's eyes reminded him which made him bend over the dog and stroke his shining head so gently; but Stephen Daunt was very fond of animals, and they returned the affection with interest.

"How are you, old fellow?" he said cheerily.

"You ought not to lie so near the fire; it will do you no good. Where are the ladies Brooke?" he asked, turning to a servant who was crossing the hall and came forward to remove his young master's overcoat.

"Her ladyship is in the yellow drawing-room, sir: I have just taken tea in there."

Most of the sitting-rooms at Lambswold opened into the hall.

Passing through a little ante-room full of old china and bric-a-brac of various kinds, Stephen entered the yellow drawing-room, pushing aside the heavy Eastern-looking curtains with due precaution, for Lady Eva's nerves were not, or she thought they were not, of the strongest, and her son loved her tenderly and believed in her ailments implicitly.

The autumnal dusk which the ruddy glare of the fire had so successfully combated in the hall had obtained more mastery in the yellow drawing-room, where the light of the wood-fire was carefully shaded and screened.

It was a long narrow room with three tall French windows opening on to a terrace and lighted in the immediate vicinity of the fire by two shaded lamps, which made a soft pleasant illumination at the end of the dim room.

Two ladies were sitting there in the mellow lamplight.

One was leaning back in a cushioned arm-chair, with closed eyes and a bored, languid expression on her still beautiful refined face.

The other was sitting on a stool, an open book upon her knee, and the light fell upon her as she sat, turning her pretty fair hair into threads of gold and touching a flower-like young face which bore a strong likeness to the other lady's lovely faded countenance.

As Stephen entered, two pairs of blue eyes turned towards the door and brightened perceptibly—eyes very like each other even now, although one pair was faded and languid, the other bright and clear—and two voices in glad tones uttered his name—

"Stephen!"

The young man went forward, smiling, and giving one swift glance round the room.

Perhaps he was disappointed at finding his mother and sister its only occupants; but there was no trace of disappointment in his voice as he bent over his mother and put his lip to her brow.

"Mother, how are you to-day?" he said gently; and Lady Eva Daunt smiled languidly, and said she was pretty well, and asked if he was not rather early, and looked at him kindly with her pretty, faded blue eyes, very fond and proud, as they always were when they rested on her son.

It was always a subject of faint wonder to Lady Eva how she had become the mother of such a tall son, she herself being so small and fairy-like, like her daughter, who was a regular "pocket Venus," and who looked not unlike a pretty piece of Dresden china, as she stood in the firelight, smiling at her tall brother, in her pretty velvet dress of a rich crimson hue, with a quaint Vandyke collar and cuffs at her white throat and wrists, a most becoming dress to her flower like complexion and golden hair.

"You are delightfully early to-day, Stephen," she said gaily. "It is so pleasant to see you!"

"Is it? That is a very welcome greeting, Dolly," he replied, in a low mellow tone. "I suppose you have been somewhat bored?"

"Just a little. You are in time for some tea."

"So I was glad to hear from Brooke," he answered, leisurely dropping into an arm-chair near the little tea-table. "Mother, I had a telegram from London this afternoon."

"I had a letter from your father," she said languidly. "He is well, and will return in a few days. I suppose your telegram related to business?"

"Yes, partly," Stephen answered slowly, smiling a little, for Lady Eva's knowledge of business was absolutely *nil*, and her indifference equalled it. "Well, Dolly, is the tea sufficiently drawn?"

"Yes, I think so," Dolly replied peering into the Queen Anne tea-pot with a little laugh.

"Then why don't you pour it out?" he asked.

"I thought you would prefer waiting for Sibyl," Dolly answered. "You always say her tea is the best."

"You lazy little mortal! I verily believe

you do not want the trouble of pouring it out!" said her brother, laughing. "Where is Miss Neil?"

"She is out."

"Out? Then we certainly shall not wait for her. Where is she gone? Into town?"

"No, only into the park. I thought you would have met her. She said she would not be long, and she has been gone nearly an hour."

"Well, I don't think we need wait for her," Stephen Daunt remarked. "Give me some tea, Dolly."

"Miss Neil was entertaining Mr. Rutledge most of the afternoon," said Lady Eva languidly, as her son brought her some tea, and stood holding the sugar and cream while she sweetened it to her own taste.

"Indeed," he said slowly, his face changing a little.

"I suppose she required some fresh air after her exertions?"

"She said she did," Dolly answered laughingly. "Here is your tea, my impatient brother."

"Thank you, my Griselda among sisters," he said, taking it from her and going back to his arm-chair. "How did it happen that Miss Neil had to do the honors to Mr. Rutledge?"

"Simply because he asked for her," Dolly replied quickly.

"Asked for her!" the young man echoed in surprise. "For Miss Neil?"

"Even so," Dolly replied sententiously; and there was a little silence, during which the girl's bright eyes glanced keenly at her brother's face as she lay back in his chair sipping his tea lazily, with an expression she could not quite understand.

"Did he remain long?" he asked presently.

"Yes, nearly an hour."

Stephen laughed a little, and the shadow which had gathered on Dolly's pretty face lifted slightly.

"It would be a most excellent match for Miss Neil," Lady Eva said, in her calm even tones.

"He is very well off and holds a good position.

"If she refuses him, it will be very foolish of her."

"I hardly think she means to refuse him," Dolly remarked with a troubled look on her fair young face.

"No, she is a sensible girl," rejoined Lady Eva.

"Handsome as she is, she could not have expected such good fortune. Men do not generally care to marry girls who have no antecedents, neither family, nor position, nor money."

"But Sibyl is so beautiful, mamma."

"Yes; but that alone is not sufficient," Lady Eva answered. "She is too silent on the subject of her family not to wish to hide something."

"But one does not marry a woman's family—one marries herself," remarked Stephen from the depths of his arm-chair.

"But one likes to know whom one is marrying," Lady Eva returned quickly. "Mr. Rutledge is so hopelessly in love that he does not consider the matter sufficiently perhaps, and Miss Neil is a very lucky girl."

"How lucky, mother?"

"To marry so well," Lady Eva answered relapsing into her usual languor, but glancing keenly at her nevertheless.

"To marry a man she dislikes!" Stephen Daunt said contemptuously.

"Why should she dislike him?" Lady Eva said plaintively, flushing a little.

"I know no reason; but that she does so is almost evident," Stephen replied calmly. "Dolly, some more sugar, if you please."

"I have seen nothing to make me suppose she dislikes him," his mother rejoined.

"Have you not, mother? Where have your eyes been?"

"I saw that she was flirting with Frank Greville," Lady Eva said, putting down her empty cup.

"But that, of course, would be absurd. He is some years her junior. Mr. Greville would not hear of it, and Frank could not marry without his father's consent. Besides, Mr. Greville has other views for his son."

"Frank is hardly likely to let those views prevent him from falling in love," Stephen replied, with a sudden color in his face, as he impatiently caught up a little hand-screen of peacocks' feathers and held it between his face and the fire.

"No, perhaps not; but those views would effectually prevent Miss Neil from giving any serious encouragement to his attentions," remarked Lady Eva, with some decision. There was another pause.

Dolly glanced wistfully at her brother.

He was sitting leaning a little forward, with a thoughtful, almost sad look on his face.

Then, meeting her glance, he smiled, threw aside the little screen, and rose from his seat.

"I think I will go and have a cigar before dinner," he said carelessly. "Will you have a turn with me, Dolly?"

"Yes. I have not been out to-day," the girl answered readily. "I will not keep you waiting, Stephen. Can I do anything for you before I go, mamma?"

"No, thank you, my dear. Don't stay out long," continued her ladyship, nestling back upon her cushions. "It is damp and chilly to-night."

Stephen had not to wait many minutes before his sister joined him; and they sauntered away together, Dolly's hand through her brother's arm, Stephen with a cigar between his lips.

The dusk had crept over the park now, and there was a slight mist rising, but it was pleasant enough in the long avenue.

Both brother and sister were silent for some minutes, then Dolly spoke, with just a *soupcon* of timidity in her sweet girlish voice.

"Do you think Sibyl will marry Mr. Rutledge?" she asked.

"If he asks her, I dare say she will," Stephen answered hurriedly, some painful feeling making his voice rather husky and strained.

"For goodness sake, drop the subject, Dolly! I am tired of it. For the last month Miss Neil's matrimonial chances have been the subject of conversation every where. I am tired of them."

Dolly's blue eyes opened to their widest extent.

Stephen was, in general, so calm and languid and even-tempered that his irritability rather surprised her; and she held her tongue discreetly, wondering what had annoyed him.

They strolled on in silence under the clustering foliage.

"Was not that some one like Frank Greville?" Stephen said, breaking the silence at last, and removing his cigar from his lips as he looked after a man's figure hurriedly disappearing in the direction of the lodge.

"I did not notice," Dolly answered. "It would not be Frank though, Stephen, because he has not been here this afternoon."

"He may have met Miss Neil in the grounds, and remained with her."

"Shall we go down the covered walk then?" Dolly suggested. "We shall meet Sibyl if she is still out."

They turned into a walk leading from the avenue to a more retired part of the grounds which was so favorite a walk of Lady Eva's when she was able to be out that it was generally called "My Lady's Walk," and one or two pretty garden-seats had been placed there for her convenience.

The young people were walking slowly, still arm in arm, and the tip of Stephen's cigar was burning in the twilight, when Dolly suddenly quickened her pace.

"There is Sibyl on the second seat," she said hurriedly. "She is resting herself, I suppose."

"Yes, that is Miss Neil," Stephen responded, hastening also; while Dolly raised her voice and called out gaily—

"Sibyl, Sibyl!"

There was no answer, and the lady on the seat did not turn her head towards them.

"She has gone to sleep," Dolly said, laughing, as they hurried on; but the next moment, when they reached the seat they found that she was not asleep, but evidently a prey to some overwhelming fear or agitation, which made Dolly run to her pityingly and put her arms round her.

"Why, Sibyl, what is it, dear?" she asked gently.

Miss Neil rose, looking around her with wild terrified eyes.

Even her intense pallor and convulsive agitation could not conceal the wonderful beauty of Dolly Daunt's governess.

Her features were perfectly regular and purely Greek in outline.

Her eyes, now wide and wild and fearful, were "darkly, deeply, beautifully blue."

In stature she was tall and queenly, and the graceful form which stood swaying to and fro was clad in soft dark robes which fitted it to perfection.

"What is it, Sibyl?" Dolly repeated. "Are you ill? Oh, Stephen, she will fall!" the girl cried, in distress.

"She has been frightened," said Stephen, in a low voice, giving the falling form the support it needed.

"There is nothing to fear now, Sibyl," he added gently.

At first the gentle words seemed to have no significance, for the girl stared at him wildly.

The next moment she murmured something unintelligible with pallid lips, the convulsive movements of her hands ceased and her head fell back on Stephen's shoulder as she fainted away.

CHAPTER II.

ONE of the largest houses in the High Street of Ashland was a substantial gray-stone building situated midway up the street and divided from it only by a tall iron railing and a narrow strip of grass.

This residence, known by the name of the Gray House, was occupied by Doctor Arnold, who was, as his father had been before him, the principal medical man in the town, the increase in the size and importance of which made the present physician's position a far more important and remunerative one than his father's had been.

The Gray House stood in the heart of the town, and it was a large roomy old-fashioned house, extremely comfortable, and not without a certain picturesqueness of its own.

The hall door, approached by broad stone steps, was in the centre of the building, and opened into a wide flagged hall, on either side of which were the sitting-rooms, while a glass door at the other end opened into a charming old-fashioned garden, which led into some fields beyond.

The surgery and consulting-rooms had been built at the side of the house, and were approached by another entrance.

The dining-room at the Gray House was on the left-hand side of the hall, and faced the High Street.

It was a large low-ceiled room, with three long narrow windows overlooking the patch of grass before the house, a sunshiny, melancholy room, with a charm about it notwithstanding, or perhaps because of it melancholiness.

The furniture was old-fashioned, but extremely handsome.

There was quaint old silver upon the sideboard, and some few good pictures were on the walls.

On the sunshiny September morning after the gray misty evening when Stephen Daunt and his sister had found Miss Neil in such a strange state of agitation in the park, the room looked exceedingly comfortable and homelike.

Breakfast was ready upon the table, the tall silver urn hissing away cheerily, and there was a cheerful coal-fire in the old-fashioned grate which the chilliness of the autumnal morning rendered very acceptable.

In the centre of the breakfast-table a low old-fashioned china bowl full of late roses made a spot of varied color among the snowy napery and shining silver; and in one window, leaning against its massive oaken frame, stood a young girl, looking with dreamy eyes into the street, which, early as it was, was already busy and bustling.

In Doctor Arnold's study, over the mantelpiece, hung the portrait of a lady, a curious old picture, all shadow and mist as it were, a clouded world of paint, out of which a woman's face peered with a pretty arch grace which seems to cling to such shadowy old pictures.

It was the portrait of some long dead-and-gone ancestress of Doctor Arnold's; but it would have passed easily for a portrait of his only daughter, his only child Sidney, as she stood leaning her graceful head against the window-frame, a slender little figure in a soft clinging brown gown.

Quite a "study in browns" was Sidney Arnold, as she stood there in the sunshine, and as such Mr. Whistler would have liked to paint her.

The soft graceful folds of her closely-fitting dress were brown.

The pretty hair cut short upon her forehead and gathered into a close knot on the nape of her white neck was brown also, but touched here and there with gold; and the beautiful, dreamy, lovely eyes, soft and true and faithful, were brown also—dark velvety brown.

If Sidney Arnold possessed neither Sibyl Neil's wonderful beauty nor Dolly Daunt's sparkling prettiness, she had a delicate loveliness of her own which was perhaps more charming than either.

One glance at her beautiful steadfast eyes would have told one of whom Stephen Daunt was thinking when he looked into Rover's eyes as he rose to greet him in the hall at Lambswold.

Early as it was—the great bronze clock upon the mantelpiece pointed to the half-hour after eight—Sidney had been down some time.

She had gathered the roses in the old china bowl, and the one which nestled close to her milk-white throat; she had made the tea and coffee, and now stood waiting for her father and his assistant to come in to breakfast.

Doctor Arnold's household was an early one, for he was a very busy man, with very few unoccupied moments in the day.

The long hand of the great bronze clock had traveled from the half-hour after eight to twenty-five minutes to nine, when the door opened hurriedly and Doctor Arnold came in, a tall spare man, still handsome in spite of his fifty-five years and gray beard.

Sidney turned round with a little start, the dreamy look fading from her eyes, and went forward to greet him with a little smile in her eyes and on her lips which would have brightened a duller room than the dining-room at the Gray House.

"I am late, dear," he said, kissing her hurriedly.

"And I have not much time for breakfast. I have had a telegram from Stround, saying that old Squire Lanthony is very ill, and begging me to go at once, and I want to catch the nine-o'clock train."

"Breakfast is quite ready, father," the girl answered, in a low sweet musical voice which was one of her greatest charms. "I am sorry to hear the poor old Squire is so ill."

"I am afraid he is almost at the end," remarked her father rather absently. "Are you quite well this morning? You look pale."

"I am quite well, dear," she answered, as she brought his coffee to him. "It is a lovely morning, is it not?"

"Yes; I should have enjoyed the drive to Stround had there been time for it," he said eating his breakfast in a hurried preoccupied manner, while Sidney went back to her seat and began pouring out her own tea.

"Where is Doctor Eliot, papa?" she asked presently, as the third place at the breakfast table remained unoccupied.

"Is he in the surgery, do you know? Perhaps he does not know the breakfast is ready."

"Doctor Eliot is out," the Doctor answered. "He went to Lambswold this morning."

"To Lambswold!" the young girl echoed, in a startled tone, the pretty color dying out of her face. "Who is ill there father?"

"I don't know. There was a note from Stephen Daunt this morning asking one of us to go over; and, as I could not go, Eliot went."

"Stephen did not say who was ill?" Sidney asked, the color coming back a little into her fair face.

"No; but I should think it was nothing serious or he would have mentioned it," said the Doctor.

There was a little silence, and then Doctor Arnold rose.

"I must be off. Is the dog-cart round, Sidney?" he said hurriedly; and the girl went over to the window and then glanced out.

Doctor Arnold's dog-cart, a somewhat unprofessional but decidedly more healthy as well as more useful vehicle than the usual medical brougham, was waiting outside.

When he had left the room, Sidney stood still and watched him drive away, smiling and kissing his hand to the lovely little face at the window.

When the dog-cart had disappeared, Miss Arnold did not move away from the window.

There was plenty of bustle and animation in the wide busy street to amuse and interest her, but there was an absent, dreamy look in her eyes which seemed to say that her thoughts were far away.

Suddenly her face changed, and an expression of surprise and pain and anger flashed into her brown eyes, as a dog-cart driven by a handsome fair young man dashed past the house in the same direction which Doctor Arnold's vehicle had taken, the gentleman driving not giving a glance at the Gray House as he passed.

Sidney colored a little and moved away from the window, going back to her unfinished breakfast.

She was still sitting at the breakfast-table when, some minutes afterwards, the dining-room door opened and a gentleman entered bringing with him a gust of fresh cool air from without.

"In time for breakfast?" he said cheerfully. "Capital! I did not expect to be. Good morning, Miss Arnold. The Doctor has gone, of course?"

"Yes," Sidney answered, giving him her hand, with a smile. "You must be quite ready for breakfast, I should think?"

"Yes; I must plead guilty to a ravenous hunger. Nelly and I came back from Lambswold in twenty-five minutes."

"Good riding," Sidney remarked carelessly, giving her attention to the coffee. "You have been to Lambswold then?"

"Yes. They were kind enough to ask me to breakfast; but I had no time to stay."

"Lady Eva is well, I hope?" the girl said, with an elaborate attempt at carelessness.

"I believe so. I did not see her," he replied.

Sidney's heart beat quickly as she sat behind the urn.

Why did he not say who was ill at Lambswold? she wondered, some feeling of shyness she could not explain keeping her from asking a question which would have seemed perfectly natural to Doctor Eliot.

He must know she was anxious, she thought impatiently; but Doctor Eliot was eating his breakfast apparently not in a communicative humor.

Presently he pushed aside his plate and glanced up at her, noticing her pallor with a little anxiety.

"You are not looking well," he said gently. "I am afraid you do not get enough fresh air. You have been lazy about going out lately."

"I have been busy at home," she answered carelessly. "But I am very well; I am generally pale, you know. Shall I give you another cup of coffee, Doctor Eliot?"

"Thank you, no. I have no time for it; the surgery is full of patients."

He rose from the table, pushing back his chair as he spoke.

Sidney rose also, her cheeks no longer pale now in the sudden rush of color which came into them.

"You have not told me who is ill at Lambswold," she said, with an attempt at carelessness and indifference.

"Did I not?" he said, smiling. "Do you want to know? It is Miss Neil."

"Miss Neil! Is she seriously ill?"

"Oh, no—hardly ill at all—just a little indisposed, and inclined to make the most of it!"

"What is the matter with her?"

"A slight feverish attack," he replied carelessly.

"It seems that she was frightened in the park yesterday, and——"

"Frightened in the park!" Sidney interrupted, growing very pale. "Who could have frightened her?"

"She does not seem able to give any very clear explanation," Doctor Eliot said, wondering a little at Sidney's anxiety; "and any questions on the subject only make her hysterical, so I have tabooed them.

"Mr. Stephen Daunt and his sister were walking in the grounds in the early part of the evening, and they found her in a state of considerable agitation and alarm.

"When she saw them, she fainted, and has been more or less nervous and hysterical ever since. She will be well in a day or two."

"What could have alarmed her?" the girl said wonderingly.

"Nothing of any consequence, I dare say," Doctor Eliot answered, carelessly. "She has been doing too much lately and is naturally hysterical.

"Mr. Daunt was anxious; all men are frightened by hysterics and fainting-fits, however trivial they are."

"Yes," Sidney said quietly, turning away from him; "and Stephen has not had much experience. Dolly is not given to that sort of thing."

"No; but he will have more now," the young man remarked laughingly, as he turned to leave the room.

"Miss Daunt is not given to that sort of thing, nor are you; and until now Mr. Daunt's experience has been limited to you both.

"You know of Miss Neil's engagement of course?" he added, turning round as he was about to leave the room, and standing with his hand upon the handle of the door.

Sidney's face was still averted, as he did not see the sudden change which passed over it, leaving it white and still as if chiselled in marble.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Same Game.

BY F. R. NELSON.

IN the days when all the world was romantic, and no one was ashamed of it, two gentlemen conceived the preposterous, but at that time rather fashionable idea, that, because they were friends, their son and daughter, then infants in their cradles, must love each other when they grow to be man and woman.

Having compared notes, and found that they quite agreed on this point, they set to work with a zeal worthy of a better cause to arrange matters so that they must turn out exactly as they desired.

If they lived, of course, their commands would be sufficient.

Of this they were assured.

But, if they died, who knew what two misguided young people might do?

Consequently, each made a will, and matters were so arranged that, if either of the young people declined the hand of the other, that young person would be penniless, and his or her estate go to the other young person who was willing to carry out the paternal behest.

After some years, the gentleman whose child was a daughter left his native land for America, while the other, who was a widower, his wife having given her life for that of her son, remained in England; so that the ocean rolled between the romantic friends.

The English resident was named Edmund Harrington.

The American, Charles Seabright.

Both were wealthy, and both brought their children up carefully.

As they grew older, they permitted them to correspond with each other, but each detested the task so, that the letters were actually written by the elders themselves.

Once, at the age of fourteen, when news came that little Harold Harrington had fallen from a tree and broken his leg, Elsie Seabright was desired to reply that she felt great regret, and sent her best wishes for his speedy recovery.

The girl, who never could listen to the boy's name with anything like patience, refused to write one word of this amiable epistle.

"I wish he had broken his neck, so that I might never hear any more about him," she said, with a stamp of her slippered foot; "and I won't write fibs."

So again mamma wrote the letter, having first locked Elsie up in a dark pantry by way of punishment.

"And I am sorry to find a child of mine so unfeeling," said he.

"A broken leg causes great pain and may make one lame for life."

"A nice thing for me that would be if I am to marry him," said Elsie.

Indeed, if she had been as sympathetic as her mother desired her to be, Elsie would have had opportunity enough to exercise these feelings, for her young betrothed was always in some pickle, and had nearly drowned and nearly shot himself a dozen times, to say nothing of ordinary tumbles.

It was tit for tat, at all events, for when Elsie had the measles, Harold had received the information with a contemptuous indifference amounting to heartlessness, and had indeed said that he did not care.

He hated girls, and this one the worst of them all.

So, with the ocean between them, the young people grew to maturity, and the year approached in which they were to meet.

But meanwhile all sorts of sad things happened.

Elsie lost both her father and mother, and Mr. Harrington died very suddenly of apoplexy.

So the two men who had looked forward for so many years to meeting when their children were married, never met again.

Mr. Harrington would not bring his son to America to see the lovely Elsie, as he had proposed, and but for those obstinate wills the whole matter would have dropped, for the last thing the young people desired was to meet each other.

But the young man was of age, and the young lady also, and the property must be settled, and could not be until the match was either on or off.

The lawyers in whose hands the affair rested, knew the feelings of their wards, but they judged that a meeting might mend matters.

At least, it was necessary that they should meet.

So Harold, as in duty bound, was to cross the ocean to meet his betrothed, and give her an opportunity to refuse him.

The news of his arrival brought into full activity those feelings of repugnance that Elsie had conceived for Harold in her childhood.

She had, for a while, resolved to yield to her dead father's wishes, but now she felt that it would be impossible.

How could she wed one she never saw.

Yet there was enough of worldly wisdom in her head to teach her how much better it was to be rich than to be poor.

If he refused her, her fortune and his also would be her own by law.

She would force him to refuse her, and then she would return him his, and all would be as it should.

But how could she do this?

The girl sat for awhile in deep reverie, and then arose and clapped her hands together.

A thought had struck her.

There was in the house a seamstress—a vulgar girl, as plain as it was possible for a woman to be, and with as much conceit as any young beauty was ever blessed with.

Her rough manners and ways of speech had become proverbial amongst her own class, the other servants speaking of her generally as Crusty Betsy.

And this girl had of late been occupied in the room of her young mistress over some new dresses.

Straight to this apartment Elsie flew, and locking the door, sat down opposite Betsy and said—

"I have something for you to do, Betsy, and I'll pay you well for it."

"Just name it, then," said Betsy.

"When I was a little girl, Betsy," said Elsie, "poor papa promised that I should marry a young gentleman who lives in England when I was grown, and that if I did not I should lose my fortune.

"Now the time has come, and he is coming, and I can't marry him, Betsy, and I want him to refuse me. Do you understand?"

"I understand," said Betsy, "and if I were you I'd huff him off quick enough, and make him glad to go, that I would."

"And I can't think how to do it, Betsy," said Elsie, "and if you can you must do it for me.

"While he stays you must pretend that you are Miss Seabright.

"You must wear my clothes, and take all the airs you possibly can, and make him as unhappy as possible, so that he'll have to refuse you—that is, me, you know.

"Be as sharp as you can with him, Betsy—never the least bit kind. You'll try, won't you, Betsy?"

"I can give anyone as good as they send, miss," said Betsy."

"I'm no mealy-mouth, and you'll pay me well, miss?"

"I'll give you a hundred pounds, Betsy," said the girl, "for you'll save me my freedom and my fortune.

"You'll not refuse him, you know, else all will be spoilt."

"I'll manage," said Betsy.

Then the two girls left all other work to examine Elsie's wardrobe, and soon Betsy was dressed in the most elegant attire, her hair powdered, as was the custom, and white gloves upon her hands.

"And I," said Elsie—"I will be your poor companion, and you must call me Miss Smith, and snub me, and order me about."

Thus all was arranged when the little letter Elsie had been so long expecting arrived, and breaking its blue seal, she read that Mr. Harrington would pay his respects to Miss Seabright in an hour.

How Miss Seabright laughed as she sat waiting in the drawing-room, watching Betsy sail up and down with all her new assumption of dignity.

Betsy, with the most amiable intentions, would have been sure of offending.

But Betsy, bent on being unpleasant, would be a grand success.

Just then Betsy herself looked from the window.

"Oh, miss," she cried, "there's a carriage at the door, and there's a gentleman coming out of it.

"Bless us! if that's him, I don't wonder you want to be off your match. Deary me! oh, deary me!"

But before she could explain a servant had brought Elsie a card bearing the name of Harold Harrington, and, as she arose, the most extraordinary figure entered the room.

It was a very tall young man, between whose shoulders, nevertheless, grew an enormous hump.

He also, though he seemed to move actively enough, walked upon crutches.

On his head, from which he had removed his hat, was a black silk skull-cap, such as entirely bald old gentlemen then wore.

Over his ears was a black bandage, which also quite covered his chin.

On his right eye was a large, green patch.

And on his left cheek another.

For the rest he was dressed in the latest fashion, and in its most extravagant style.

This was Harold Harrington.

Elsie's surprise was so great that she sank into a chair, and forgot to prompt Betsy as she had intended.

But Betsy needed no prompting.

She was not in the least embarrassed.

She advanced to meet Mr. Harrington with a grin of supreme insolence upon her face, and burst out into a loud laugh.

"Well," she said, "so you are my young man, are you?

"I must say, whoever picked you out showed no mighty great taste; 'twasn't for your beauty, that's plain."

"No, madam," said the new arrival, "it was not for my beauty. Do I address Miss Seabright?"

"Why, who else should I be?" cried Betsy, with a loud, coarse laugh.

"'Twas not for your cleverness, neither, you were chosen.

"But now you've come, sit down. Been in the wars, haven't you?"

"My infirmities," sighed the young man, "are the result of recklessness as a boy.

"I have a most sympathizing letter from you upon the fall which broke my limb. You remember it?

"You also condoled with me upon the careless shot which cost me my eye, though you did not know how serious was the result.

"It was while I was upon a trip to Switzerland that I broke my back, and while endeavoring to drink some boiling tea the housekeeper left carelessly upon the table, I scalded all the hair from my head.

"This scar upon my cheek is the result of having attempted to shave myself with my poor father's razor.

"It was injudicious of him to tell you the result of my injuries, but now you see them for yourself.

"I will not go into further particulars. You remember all my accidents."

"Yes," said Betsy, "and a fine figure of a man they've made you.

"You'd do to scare the crows from an orchard, I must say, and you're sent to me that I might have my pick and choice of offers to marry.

"It's enough to make one die of laughing."

"Then you refuse me?" said the young man, very eagerly.

"Oh, no," said Betsy, "oh, no, I don't; there's the fortune, you know.

"Money is money, and even an object like you is better than poverty.

"I'll have you. Though how folks will laugh to see us paired off together. One comfort, though, so broken down as you must be, you can't last long."

"On the contrary, I expect to live to be eighty," said the young man.

"Expectations don't go for much," said Betsy. "Look how the old folks went."

"We were deprived of their affection very suddenly," said the young man, sighing. "My father loved yours dearly, Miss Seabright."

"Folks will take queer notions," said Betsy. "Well, I must say you are an object. I can't help laughing whenever I look at you."

"We shall have a very merry life together," said Harold, "if your disposition continues."

"Oh, I shan't see much of you," said Betsy, "I can promise you after the ring is on.

"What possessed you to smash yourself up so? But I shan't refuse you. 'It's money makes the mare go,' says the old song."

"It may be," said Harold. "But let the mare stand still for me, then. I quite decline to fulfil the engagement. So, madam, you have the fortune without my incumbrance in my person."

"And a good riddance of bad rubbish, say I!" cried Betsy.

"There are better fish in the sea than you or women would be poorly off. You're going, eh?

"Well, the sooner the better. Miss Smith, ring the bell."

Elsie arose and touched the bell.

But now that the deed was done and her object attained, she felt dreadfully ashamed of herself.

Certainly a more unhappy and singular object than this before her could not well be imagined.

Indeed, compassionate as was her heart, she felt that his appearance was not only painful but almost ludicrous.

But all the more should he have been tenderly and kindly used.

And this gentleman—for hideous as he was, he evidently was a gentleman by breeding as well as by birth—how would he henceforth think of her?

As he left the room she followed him, and the servant who had answered the bell retired at her nod, and left the two together in the hall, where they could hear the long and violent explosions of laughter with which Betsy was now filling the drawing-room.

"Mr. Harrington," said Elsie, her face crimsoning as she spoke, "I cannot let you go without a word of explanation. "I—I have been so grieved that you should be so insulted. I never meant——"

"My dear young lady, you have nothing to do with it, and my feelings are not in the least hurt," replied the young man.

"But I am amazed that that should be Miss Seabright. I know she is a lady by birth. I understood that she was beautiful and gentle. I——"

"Oh, Mr. Harrington," cried Elsie, "I have been such a foolish girl! She is not Miss Seabright. I am Miss Seabright. I—I—It was a ridiculous stratagem of mine. I hated the idea of a betrothal to a stranger, and I desired that you should take the initiative in the breaking of our match."

The young man bowed, looked at her a moment, and then replied frankly—

"Madam, I quite appreciate your motive and entirely forgive you. I am pleased to accept your invitation."

Accordingly, Miss Seabright ordered a servant to show Mr. Harrington to an apartment on the upper floor, and retired to her own room to dress for dinner.

Ten minutes after her entrance into this apartment, the servant brought her a large bundle and a small note.

A bundle several feet long, and a note a few inches square.

She opened the note first, and read these words—

"My Dear Miss Seabright.—I also have a confession to make. I also, before I met you, had resolved that you should be the one to decline the conditions of our father's wills, intending afterwards to give you back your share of the property. Consequently I set about devising a scheme; and, reading my schoolday letters, it occurred to me that no one ever went through so many small accidents quite unscathed and unmarried before.

"I knew that few women would chose to marry a very hideous man, consequently I concocted a disguise which I fancied would make me repugnant to the least particular of the fair sex.

"Allow me to lay at your feet my crutches, which I never needed, thank Heaven!

"My hump, which was a feather pillow; the skull-cap, which did not hide a bald pate, and all my bandages and patches. The vermillion which adorned my nose I have removed with a little water; and though I obtained my invitation to dinner under false pretences, I beg to be allowed to pay my respects to you in proper person, and to apologize for my trick, which, after all, dear madam, was only tit for tat, and we were both of a mind, and playing the same game."

At first Elsie was unreasonably angry.

But her anger did not last long.

They met at dinner, and before they parted, it was quite concluded that they should carry out the wishes of their parents by agreeing to dine together always.

Bric-a-Brac.

THE ARK.—Ingersoll, the infidel, having said that the ark was 120 years in building, and that by the time the last stick was put in the early ones would be rotten, Colonel Carey shows that it was built of gopher wood, and a gate at St. Peter's of this material has withstood the storms of 1100 years, and is as sound to-day as when it was erected. It is so thoroughly permeated with pitch that it cannot rot.

THE KAFFIR.—The Kaffir never knows his age—at most he will but approximate it by the number of "moons"—changes his name at will and pretty often, but can always be identified by his tattooing. Every one has his own trademark, and nobody interferes with it. The juice of a poisonous plant is pressed into little cuts, and the skin puffs out and stays so, and a great variety of simple designs are made.

A TALKING DOG.—The learned Liebnitz drew the attention of the French Academy to a dog which a Saxon peasant-boy had trained to pronounce certain words. The animal was three years old when its lessons commenced, and after three years' patient and daily tuition it could articulate thirty words, calling for tea, chocolate, and other things, repeating the words after its master on every occasion, and with great apparent reluctance.

ANTIMONY, OR ANTI-MONK.—A monk, named Basil Valentin, who dabbled in chemistry, with the hope, perhaps, of discovering the Elixir of Life, tried the effect on pigs of a peculiar preparation of antimony which he had composed. The result was most encouraging. After a preliminary cleansing the gruntors attained brilliant health and respectable corpulence. Valentin then administered his drug to every one of the monks in his convent, as a remedy for the sick and prophylactic for the healthy. But all his patients proved that they were not pigs, by falling desperately ill when they did not die. Antimony turned out to be a real monksbane—a powerful antimoine, or anti-monk. Such is the origin assigned to the word—which need not be accepted without reservation.

THOUGHT READING (LIMITED).—At a recent ballad concert, a gentleman from Centreville took his seat beside a perfect stranger, who politely made way for him, as far as the narrow space permitted. The company to whom the hall belongs allot sitting room to their audiences on the principle of their own incorporation, sparingly, limited. The performance began with a series of doleful ditties about 'Crushed Affections,' 'Hopeless Love,' and so on, which drew forth such abundant showers of tears that a dry pocket-handkerchief was not to be had in that hall, for love or money. Our friend was callous to all this pathos. But when a fresh young voice warbled 'Home, sweet Home,' he felt that the sensitive string of his heart had been touched. 'Ah, that was worth listening to,' said his neighbor. 'It made you think of your wife and family. I know it; I saw it written on your countenance. And how are all the good folks at Centreville?' 'Certainly, I do live at Centreville. But you did not read that on my countenance?' 'No, indeed, I did not. I read it inside your hat, while you were putting it under your seat.'

MARBLES.—The chief place of the manufacture of marbles—those little pieces of stone which contribute so largely to the enjoyment of boys—is at Oberstein, on the Nahe, in Germany, where there are large agate mills and quarries, the refuse of which is turned to good paying account by being made into small balls, employed by experts to knuckle with, and are mostly sent to the American market. The substance used in Saxony is a hard calcareous stone, which is first broken into blocks, nearly square, by blows with a hammer. These are thrown by the hundred or two into a small sort of mill, which is formed of a flat, stationary slab of stone, with a number of eccentric furrows upon its face. A block of oak or other hard wood of the diametric size, is placed over the stones and partly resting upon them. The small block of wood is kept revolving while water flows upon the stone slab. In about fifteen minutes the stones are turned into spheres, and then, being fit for sale, are henceforth called marbles. One establishment with but three mills, turns out sixty thousand marbles each week.

HOW LONG WILL IT LAST?

BY. W. M. A.

Lights from the windows are gleaming and glancing,
Music and laughter are echoing near,
Save where the twain move apart from the dancing,
Uttering vows each was longing to hear,
Tender his tones, in their low modulation,
Timidly downward her glances are cast,
Eyes un...ched with sapphire, cheeks with carnation;
Fair is the picture; how long will it last?

Think, when Old Time, of all jokers the grimmest,
Whitens the tresses and furrows the brow,
Changing the forms that are lithest and slimmest,
Will your affections be steady as now?
True that to-day in its ardent devotion,
Love takes no heed of the future or past—
Curbing and checking the tide of emotion,
Prudence, should whisper, How long will it last?

All were in vain, though the caution be needed,
Prudence is ne'er the companion of youth;
Passion for aye leaves unnoticed, unheeded,
Warnings of wisdom and promptings of truth.
Forging the fetters that bind them together,
Gliding the hours that are flying so fast;
Careless of sunlight or stormiest weather,
Love never questions: How long will it last?

LADY LINTON.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A BLACK VEIL," "HER MOTHER'S CRIME," "A BROKEN WEDDING-RING," "MABEL MAY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXII.—[CONTINUED.]

"PARDON me, ma'am," said Mrs. Pierce, with a little more energy than she was wont to exhibit.

"I have known for several weeks that the person calling herself 'Miss Drummond' was in reality Lady Linton; that is, I have suspected it very strongly.

"My suspicions were confirmed by the evidence of John Barton; and upon that evidence I procured a warrant for the arrest of Lady Linton."

"Right enough, mum, so far as that warrant goes, I assure you; and now, if you please, we'll just——"

He put his shoulder against the chamber door in continuation.

The door did not give way.

He drew back, in order to launch his shoulder against the panel.

There was an instant of silence, and then before the panel was struck, the sound of a pistol-shot, a cry, and, after it, another shot came from the inner room.

The officer's shoulder fell against the door, and, the lock breaking away, it flew open.

A thin film of blue smoke hung mid-way between the floor and ceiling.

Beneath it, on the farther side of the room the bed could be seen.

Across its length lay Lady Linton, her feet scarcely touching the ground, one arm extended sidelong, the other lying by her side.

The officer ran to the bed.

"Dead, dead!" he said. "Shot in two places. Done us, after all!"

* * * * *

Mrs. Gower was removed from the scene of her daughter's suicide—a maniac.

She never recovered her reason.

And six months after the tragedy which she had brought about she, eluding the vigilance of her keepers, put an end to her own wretched existence.

Unhappily this was not the only evil that resulted from that terrible event.

Little Lady Linton's baby was prematurely born, and died a few hours after. This was a great grief to the young mother but happily it is the last to record here. It is four years since she wept over the little robe she had prepared for her child.

But in those years she has had no other cause to weep.

The tears may have sprung into her gentle eyes, but they have been tears of compassion for the woes of others, or tears of happiness and love, or of pride.

There is an inexhaustible fountain in the soul of all good women from which such tears are drawn—only the selfish are dry-eyed.

There are many calls upon her compassion, for she has become the Lady Bountiful of that part of Devonshire in which she and her husband have settled.

If any poor soul wants help, little Lady Linton is straightway called upon.

Never has any one left her gates without blessing that gracious little lady.

"It's a mistake to give in that way, Gertie," says her husband.

"One half of the people who come for relief don't deserve it."

"And the other half?" asked Gertie, with a twinkle in her eye and a smile about her lips.

"Shall the deserving half be punished for the faults of the undeserving?"

"Your political economy is bad," says Gilbert.

"But your heart, little wife"—and he takes her up in his arms—"Heaven forbid any teaching of mine should change that!"

And then her children—for she has two now—demand her constant solicitude.

Children must have teeth, and by a natural consequence must cry.

And is it possible that with such a nature as hers she can hear the cry of an infant untouched?

Joy in the possession of her beautiful children, and in the love of a husband which is steadfast and strong, and pride in the public recognition of his manliness and wisdom—he has been solicited to stand for the representation of his borough in Parliament at the forthcoming election—each emotion in its turn dims little Lady Linton's big eyes with a tear.

And so she passes out of this history.

Dear old Mrs. Simpson has given up her shop to William, and gone to take care of Mr. Gower and keep his house in order. It became obvious, soon after the death of Mrs. Gower, that something of the kind was advisable.

Mr. Gower abused his newly-recovered liberty "like a monkey when he gets his chain off," some one—it is feared it was one of his daughters—said.

Loo-parties and suppers were much too frequent on Clapham Common, whither Mr. Gower had removed, and the girls had more freedom than was proper for young ladies of such volatile spirits.

So granny went to live with them, and brought them, by her gentle guidance, into that happy state of moderation which partakes neither of license nor irksome restraint.

The year before last Mr. Headlam, having obtained a living through Sir Gilbert Linton's influence, married Beatrice.

Now he is publishing the banns of her sister Edith and Mr. Langdon.

Maud received sixteen valentines last month.

But there is one that she prizes above all the rest, not because of its particular loveliness—though it certainly is a most exquisite affair in satin, lace, flowers, and verse—but by reason of its coming from a very handsome young gentleman who lives next door and sings, in a most lovely tenor voice, "Come into the garden" so loudly that it can be heard through the dividing walls.

"Go into the garden, Maud, for Heaven's sake, and let's have a little peace!" says Mr. Gower occasionally.

A word about Mr. and Mrs. Pierce, and then the pen may be laid down.

"My dear," said Mr. Pierce to his wife, after the inquest upon Lady Linton's body, "this is an ugly conclusion to a very ugly business.

"And now is a proper time for us to retire from it.

"This is the last private investigation that I shall ever meddle with.

Mrs. Pierce made no reply.

There was a quiet firmness in her husband's manner which showed her the uselessness of opposition.

Possibly she herself, terrified by the conclusion of her strategies, was not sorry to relinquish an occupation which entail such terrible consequences.

Mr. Pierce was never happier in handing a chub than when he pocketed the shillings given by the broker for the furniture of his private-inquiry office.

And with his own willing hand he effaced from the door-post in Endell Street the name of "Pierce & Pierce."

After that he undertook several ventures with no result more hurtful than the loss of a few pounds.

But at length he has succeeded in finding an occupation which seems likely to be profitable and enduring.

The reader who visited Ramsgate last summer may have noticed the addition there of a new bathing establishment in every respect preferable to the rest, and in that case cannot have failed to admire the new and capacious machines fitted up with all modern appliances, rush-bottomed chairs, "and every luxury"—to quote from the prospectus—and provided with rose-colored curtains and hoods which neutralise the cadaverous tint which prejudices young ladies against sea-bathing when they look in the glass upon coming out of the water, and impart a tender hue which it gratifies even old ladies to find in their complexion.

The observer cannot have overlooked the office which stands upon the sands hard by, with a green verandah, pots of geranium on the window-sill, and the legend "Reform Bathing Establishment Company" inscribed in large letters over the door.

The "Reform Bathing Establishment Company," is Mr. Pierce.

"It's not a dirty business," he says, in a tone of satisfaction; and it suits him admirably.

When the wind is chill, he sits inside the office with his newspaper.

When the sun shines, he sits in his chair under the verandah.

You will recognize him at once—a large heavy man in slippers and loose-fitting garments, with a bandana hanging loosely out of one pocket and a stem of a pipe sticking out of another when it is not between his lips.

Mrs. Pierce looks after the linen, keeps the attendants to their work, escorts customers into their machines, and chats with them, ferreting out more secrets from her fair customers than they would perhaps like other persons to know.

Where they raised the money for this expensive undertaking is not very certain.

But it is very probable that, if Sir Gilbert's nice principles prevented him from assisting Mrs. Pierce, no such scruples influenced Mr. Gower.

[THE END]

SOMETHING FRESH.—We heard the other day a pleasing story of a self-sacrificing traveler who devoted his energies to the work of devouring everything at a refreshment bar at a certain railway station, and having accomplished the feat walked away, saying: "Toora, the next fellow that comes along here will get something fresh."

AT QUEEN'S CHACE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE NEMESIS OF LOVE," "BARBARA GRAHAM," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

THE pleasant voices of our youth make lashes which scourge us in our old age.

No words were ever more true, more full of wisdom, more full of warning, than those.

So Sir Jasper Brandon thought on this Christmas Eve, when the mystery, the beauty, and tenderness of Christmas seemed to stir the quiet atmosphere of Queen's Chace.

He sat alone in his library.

Outside the sky was clear and blue, the air cold and biting.

The hoar-frost lay white on the ground—the trees, the hedges, and the evergreens were bright with it.

Through the silent frosty air came the joyous music of Christmas bells.

What poetry they held, those Christmas bells—what sorrow, what pain, what lost love, what dead hopes, what pathetic happiness!

He listened, and his face grew sadder, as the music came sweeter and clearer.

Other music as sweet and hopeful came to him — the sounds of laughter and song.

Queen's Chace was filled with visitors, and they were keeping Christmas right loyally.

He wished the bells would cease ringing.

There was some mute reproach to him in the sound.

He wished that Christmas were over; it brought him sad and sorrowful memories.

The one folly of his youth had grown into a lash which scourged him, which brought deep lines of pain and sorrow into his face, which darkened the bright world and caused even Christmas to be full of sad memories.

As he sat thinking it all over, it seemed to him that that one folly was to him the dearest part of his life.

Even now, when years had closed over it, when time should have almost obliterated it—even now it was the brightest recollection he had.

It stood out a golden memory from the back-ground of a dark life—a love so sharp so sudden, so beautiful, so keen, so passionate, that the dead ashes of it stirred the life within him.

This was the story of his folly and his love.

He, Sir Jasper Brandon, was the only son of his parents.

His father, Sir Francis, married late in life.

His mother, Lady Maud, was quite young.

He was their only child, and he was worshiped after a fashion that could have naught but evil results.

The anxiety with which his mother watched by his little bed, her agony of fear if even his finger ached, his father's equally speechless pride and joy in him, were almost pitiful to behold.

They would fain have regulated even the very breath of heaven which blew on him.

No child was ever so surrounded with love and care.

He grew up the very idol of their hearts.

And what seemed wonderful was that the boy returned this love by one equally passionate and devoted.

The Brandons came of Norman race, courtly, passionate, and silent—a race capable of grandest deeds, but silent and reserved, imperious in love, implacable in war—swift, keen, sure, silent, a race that led hidden lives that the world never knew.

They were all alike, these Brandons of Queen's Chace, dark, proud, haughty, passionate men, swift to love, and loving with terrible intensity.

Swift to hate, and hating with bitter animosity, men of strong passions, of great virtues and great faults, handsome men, all of them, with dark clear-cut, proud faces, faces too that men trusted and women loved.

The young heir, Jasper Brandon, was in no way inferior to his ancestors.

In his twentieth year the manhood within him seemed suddenly to awaken to life.

He would have no more indulgence, no more petting and humoring.

They might love him just as much, even more if they could, but he must assert his rights.

He told his parents that he was going on a tour through Europe, and that for the next year or two they must be content to trust him to himself.

Yet, when the time came for bidding them adieu, he almost repented of his decision.

His mother clung to him, her tender arms clasping his neck, her tears falling on his face, his father held his hands.

"You will remember, Jasper," he said, "that you hold my life in your own hands.

"I should never survive any wrong-doing of yours."

He smiled to himself, this proud young heir, thinking how improbable it was that he would be guilty of any "wrong-doing."

"If you live until I grieve you, father," he answered, "you will never die;" and those were his farewell words.

He traveled through Norway and Sweden, through Germany and Holland, through fair France and sunny Spain.

He lingered longest in fair and fruitful Italy, where it seemed to him that his soul first awoke to its full and perfect life.

Venice had the greatest charm for him.

Imperial Rome, gay Florence, ancient Verona, time-honored Milan, were all beautiful, but Venice charmed him.

He loved it as a lover loves his mistress.

All the poetry and passion of his nature woke to life there.

The dark old palaces, the silent canals, the tranquil waters, the swiftly gliding gondolas, were all so many poems to him.

He stood one day musing as he looked at the sculptured walls of a ducal palace, musing on the grand old Veronese tragedy of Romeo and Juliet, thinking of the balcony scene, and the love that must have shone in the girl's face there, when suddenly from the lattice of a window near a girl's face peeped out, a girl's face, and he saw it only for one minute, yet in that minute the whole current of his life was changed.

Before that he had thought that at some distant time he should marry, and that fair children would grow up around him, but he had given no thought to love.

Now a swift deep love took possession of him.

He felt that that girl's face was the star of his life.

It was only a girl's face, with hair of light gold, and eyes of darkest hue, a face with a beautiful mouth, a face that, once seen, could never be forgotten.

The girl looked slowly up and down the broad water.

Then her eyes fell on the face upraised to hers, and she disappeared.

By dint of persevering inquiry he found out who she was, and learned her history.

He resolved that he would marry her.

Her name was Giulia di Cyntha, and she lived alone in a dull, gloomy, half-ruined old palace with her elder sister Assunta.

They were the last descendants of a noble but ruined race.

In the life of the elder sister Assunta there had been a tragedy.

She had been beautiful in her youth, with the dusk picturesque beauty of the Venetian women.

And her lover, who held an appointment under the Venetian Government as it existed then, had gone to England on political business, and there been foully and treacherously murdered.

For this Assunta hated the English and England with a deadly hatred.

She prayed morning and night for vengeance upon the perfidious and accursed country.

She would have seen an Englishman die of hunger at her feet rather than have relieved him with even a crust of bread.

She was twenty years older then than Giulia, and every year grew bitterer.

Their parents had died when she was twenty-six and the little golden-haired Giulia only six.

They had but little money.

The gloomy old palace, with its faded hangings, its worm-eaten furniture, its air of decay, was theirs, but the income left to them was but scanty.

Assunta brought up her little sister to hate England.

"Pray child," she would say, "that Heaven may bless every land except England.

"Pray that the sun may shine and the dew fall on every land except that.

"It is accursed, for innocent blood was shed there."

But Giulia could not learn to hate.

She had finished her prayers, she would say in a low voice that Assunta could not hear—

"Heaven bless England too!"

Assunta watched the little Giulia until she became one of the loveliest maidens in Venice.

But, when Jasper Brandon came from the land which she held accursed and asked for her treasure, she would not give her to him.

She drove him away with stern, cruel words.

She told him she would rather that her beautiful Giulia lay drowned and dead in the waters of the canal than that she became his wife.

He had met her only five or six times when he asked her to be his wife—he had not written home about her.

His whole life had been absorbed in his love.

He had forgotten his country, parents, friends.

The swift, keen, sudden passion had taken possession him.

He had no life outside it, and he came of a race that never hesitated in love nor faltered in war.

When Assunta drove him from the threshold with bitter words, he made up his mind what to do.

Looking into the face of the girl he loved he said—

"I cannot live without you. Send me away, if you will, I will not live.

"Come with me, and I will make this world heaven for us both."

She assented.

He married her unknown to every one, and took her away to a little place on the Mediterranean.

Assunta redoubled her prayers.

Evil should, evil must come to the country which called such monsters of men sons.

She vowed solemnly never in life to see or speak to Giulia again, and she kept her word.

On those sweet Southern shores Jasper and Giulia dwelt for one year.

They lived on love one entire happy year.

There were times when Jasper roused himself, to wonder what his parents would say when he took his young bride to his home.

He had no time to ask for their consent to his marriage, and when he was married he had many misgivings.

He knew that they had great hopes as to his marriage, that they wished him to wed Lady Marie Valdoraine.

He felt that perhaps it would be better if he said nothing about it until he took his young wife home.

Then, when they saw her, when their eyes dwelt on the beauty of her most fair face, they would forgive him and love her.

So for this one happy year they lived on beauty and love—on sunshine and sweet flowers.

"There has never been a love so strong, so beautiful as ours," he would say to her.

So amidst the olives and the vines, amidst the gorgeous flowers and the starry blossoms on the shores of the sapphire sea, under the light of the golden sun and shining stars, amidst the music of birds and the laughter of sweet blossoms, they lived and loved.

Swift to love and swift to hate were the Brandons of Queen's Chace.

He had loved the young mother with keen, intense passion—he hated the child with swift, keen hatred.

"Take it from my sight," he said to the weeping woman.

"Let me never see it. It has cost its mother her life."

And they carried it away, weeping womanly tears of compassion.

He could not forgive the child because of its mother's death—he could not look at it.

The nurses said the babe had its mother's eyes; and he thought to himself that to see Giulia's eyes in another's face would kill him.

He was more than half distraught when he bade Giulia's chief attendant write to Assunta to tell her of her sister's death. She came at once.

Perhaps the sight of the beautiful home he had prepared for his lost wife touched her heart, for, though she sternly refused to see Jasper, she declared her intention of adopting the child.

She would not exchange one word with him.

All business was transacted through the kind friend who had stood by Giulia's death-bed.

Assunta promised to adopt the child if Jasper would renounce all claim to her, if he would allow her to bring her up after her own fashion, in perfect ignorance of him and all belonging to him, believing that her parents were dead; moreover, he must promise never to claim her.

He was kneeling by his dead wife's side when these conditions were brought to him and the dumb white lips could not open to say, "Love her because she was mine," the cold hands could not be clasped in supplication to him, the mother's heart could not speak in the closed eyes.

"Tell Assunta di Cyntha that in proportion as I loved my wife I dislike the child, and that I give her entirely to her, never wishing to see her or hear of her again."

At the same time he was just.

He offered to settle a certain sum of money on the little one, more than sufficient to educate and to dower her. Assunta's pale face flushed crimson when she heard it.

"I touch that accursed English gold!" she cried. "I would see all Venice perish first!"

Without another word she took the child in her arms and left the house. Even in death she refused to look on the face of her sister again.

The roses and passion-flowers were in full bloom when that happened; when he recovered his senses, the roses had withered, the passion-flowers were dead and the winter was coming.

His youth, his love, his hopes, his heart, all lay in the grave of his young wife. He was never the same.

When he was strong enough to travel, he returned home, and his parents were almost beside themselves with grief at his changed face.

A fever caught in Italy" explained it all. Lady Brandon sighed mournfully over it.

Then he realized what he had done, what he had suffered, what he had lost.

He was not ashamed of his marriage, but he shut up the sweet sad love-story in his heart, guarding it as a miser guards his gold—not to have saved his life could he have spoken Giulia's name.

It seemed impossible to him that any one should ever understand that sweet mad love of his.

How should they? And he could not tell them.

He could not bare that wound to any human eye.

It would have been easier for him to plunge a sword into his heart than to talk of Giulia and Venice.

He shut up the sweet sad story in his heart and lived on it.

People called him proud and cold, reserved and silent.

They never dreamed of the burning love beneath the ice; there was no one who ever suspected him of a wild passionate love and a sorrow that would be his until he died. No one knew that he had loved as few loved, and that his heart lay buried in a dead wife's grave.

"Make me feel the wild pulsation that I felt before the strife,
When I had my days before me, and the tumult of my life."

That was his cry—work, toil, labor—anything that could teach him to forget.

He plunged into the hottest fray of political life.

His speeches rang through all England; men named him with deepest admiration.

He was a power in the state; he spent his days in work, his nights in study.

Did he forget?

At times, when busy members round him were disputing vehemently, he found himself standing on the Rialto at Venice, gazing at a sweet girl-face.

He found himself under the vines with roses and passion flowers clustering at his feet, white hands warmly clasped in his own, and a golden head lying on his breast.

They wondered, those who watched him, why at times he rose suddenly with a stifling cry flinging out his arms as though the breath of life failed him.

They thought the passion of his own words moved him.

How should they guess of the sweet short love and the tragedy which had ended it?

Once, and once only, he was induced to enter a theatre.

It was when one of the finest living tragedians was to appear.

He never thought of asking what the play was, but, when the curtain rose and he saw Venice, he almost swooned like a dead man, smitten with a terrible pain.

Still no one knew the cause.

It was all buried in his own heart—he himself was the sepulchre of his love.

Time passed on.

Sir Francis grew old and feeble.

His one longing was to see his son married before he died.

The first time he mentioned it Jasper drew back with horror on his face.

"Marry!"

He with his heart in that far-off grave!

And the father, looking into the son's face, saw a tragedy there.

He said no more to him for a long time; but one day, when he was weak and ill, he cried out:

"Jasper, you must marry. My son, let me see your children round my knees before I die."

The words touched him greatly.

That same day his mother came to him with a pleased expectant look on her face.

"Jasper," she said, "the daughter of my dearest friend is coming to Queen's Chace—Marie Valdoraine—and I should die happy if I could see her your wife."

Lady Marie came—a handsome dark-haired blonde, with the worship of mammon in her heart.

She was most lively and fascinating.

She won the heart of Sir Francis.

She made Lady Brandon love her.

Even Jasper, with the shadow of dead love darkening his life, was pleased with her.

Lady Marie Valdoraine was of the world worldly.

She knew the just value of everything.

She saw that there was no position in England more enviable than that of Lady Brandon of Queen's Chace, and she determined that it should be hers.

She devoted herself so entirely to Jasper that in a certain way he relied upon her.

Her keen worldly knowledge and her just appreciation of persons and things were useful to him.

"If you are really going to devote your life to politics," said a friend to him one day, "you should marry Lady Marie. She could manage everything for you."

And the end of it was that, to give pleasure to his parents, he married Lady Marie.

But he was quite honest with her.

He did not tell her the story of his marriage—he could not have borne her questions, her wonder, her remarks and have lived—his dead love was far too sacred for that—but he told her that he had no love to give her, but honor and esteem only.

Lady Marie smiled in the most charming manner.

She mentally congratulated herself.

If she could have all the good things that belonged to Queen's Chace without being teased about love, so much the better.

The marriage took place, and every one thought well of it.

People said it was the most suitable match they had ever known—universal approval followed it.

Sir Francis declared he had nothing left to live for.

Lady Brandon was quite content.

As time passed on, it became more and more evident that the marriage was a most suitable one.

Lady Marie Brandon flung herself heart and soul into her husband's interests—he owned himself that she was his right hand.

When his reasoning, his clear, pitiless logic failed, then her powers of fascination succeeded.

Lady Marie Brandon became a power in her way.

Her season in town was always one long brilliant success.

Her drawing-rooms were always crowded.

People attended her balls and *soirees* as though they had received royal biddings.

Jasper had his reward.

When old Sir Francis lay dying, he called his son to his bedside and laid his trembling hands in blessing on him.

"You have been a good son to me, Jasper," he said. "You have never given me one moment's sorrow or pain. So in dying I bless you and thank you."

They were pleasant words.

They repaid him for having sacrificed his inclination and married Lady Marie Valdoraine.

Old Sir Francis died with a smile on his face, and Jasper succeeded him.

Some months afterward a little daughter was born to him, who by his mother's wish was called Katherine.

When Katherine was a child of seven Lady Brandon died.

Then Sir Jasper and his wife took up their abode at Queen's Chace.

The time came when his name was a tower of strength in the land, when men rejoiced to see him at the head of the mightiest party, when he became the very hope of the nation from his clear calm judgment, his earnest truth, his marvelous talents.

No one ever asked if he were happy in the midst of it all.

He was courted, popular, famous, but his face was not the face of a happy man, and once—his wife never forgot it—he had fallen asleep after perhaps the most brilliant reception ever accorded to a public man, and, when Lady Brandon went to rouse him, the pillow on which his head had lain was wet with tears.

CHAPTER II.

SEVENTEEN years had passed since the birth of Katherine Brandon, and no other child had been given to Queen's Chace.

The long-wished-for heir had never appeared, and the hopes of both parents were centred in the beautiful young heiress.

She was just seventeen, and a more perfectly lovely ideal of an English girl could not have been found.

To look at her was a pleasure.

The tall slender figure with its perfect lines and curves, the face with its glow of youthful health, the subtle grace of movement, the free, easy carriage, the quick graceful step, were all as pleasant as they were rare.

Like her mother, she was a blonde beauty, but she had more color, greater vigor.

Her hair was of golden brown—pure gold in the sunlight, brown in the shade.

Her eyes were of a lovely violet hue; they looked like pansies steeped in dew.

Her face had a most exquisite color, lilies and roses so perfectly blended that it was impossible to tell where one began and the other ended.

It was an English face—no other land could have produced such a one.

The mouth was beautiful, the lips were sweet and arch, revealing little white teeth that shone like pearls; a lovely dimpled chin, a white rounded throat, and beautiful hands, completed the list of charms.

There was an air of vitality and health about her that was irresistible.

She was just as English in character as in face.

She had none of the characteristics of the silent, courtly race of Brandons.

She was essentially Saxon, true in thought, word and deed, sincere, earnest, transparently candid, generous, slightly prejudiced and intolerant, proud, with a quick, bright pride that was but "a virtue run to seed"—a most charming, lovable character, not perhaps of the most exalted type.

She would never have made a poetess or a tragedy queen.

There was no sad, tragical story in her lovely young face.

She was essentially womanly, quickly moved to sweetest pity and compassion, keenly sensitive, nobly generous.

All her short sweet life she had been called "Heiress of Queen's Chace."

She was woman enough to be more than pleased with her lot in life—she was proud of it.

She loved the bright beautiful world, and, above all, she loved her own share in it.

She would rather have been heiress of Queen's Chace, she declared, than Queen of England.

She loved the place.

She enjoyed the honors and advantages connected with it.

She had inherited just sufficient of her mother's character to make her appreciate the advantages of her position.

The great difference between them was that Lady Brandon loved the wealth, the pomp, the honors of the world, while Katherine loved its brightness and its pleasures.

Sir Jasper was very much attached to his daughter.

His own wife never reminded him of his lost love, but his daughter did.

Something in her bright, glad youth, in her sunny laughter, in her bright eyes, reminded him of the beautiful Venetian girl he had loved so madly.

In these later years all the love of his life had centred in his daughter, all the little happiness that he enjoyed came from her—with her he forgot his life-long pain, and was at peace.

She was heiress of Queen's Chace.

He had taken the greatest pride and care in her education.

She was accomplished in the full sense of the word.

She spoke French, Italian and German.

She sang with a clear, sweet voice.

She danced gracefully, and was no mean artist.

Her father had taken care that no pains should be spared in her education, no expense, no labor.

The result was she developed into a brilliantly accomplished girl.

He was delighted with her.

Katherine Brandon had made her *debut*.

Royal eyes had glanced kindly at the fair, bright young face.

She had more lovers than she could count.

A beauty, a great heiress, clever, accomplished, with a laugh like clear music and spirits that never failed, no wonder that some of the most eligible men in England were at her feet.

She only laughed at them at present.

It was the time for smiles.

Tears would come afterward.

If there was one she liked a little better than the rest, it was Lord Wynleigh, the second son of the Earl of Woodwyn, the poorest earl in England.

Lord Wynleigh was very handsome and clever.

He had had a hard fight with the world, for he found it difficult to keep up appearances on a small income.

He forgot his poverty and everything else when he fell in love with charming, tantalizing, imperious Katherine Brandon.

Would she ever care for him?

At present the difference in her behavior toward him and her other lovers was that she laughed more at him, affected greater indifference to him, but never looked at him, and she flushed crimson at the mention of his name.

That same year Sir Jasper was much over-tasked with work.

He was so ill as to be compelled to consult a physician, who told him that he could not always live at high pressure, and that if he wished to save himself he must give up work and rest for a time.

In order to do this, the illustrious statesman decided on going to Queen's Chace, the home that he loved so well.

Some one suggested that he should go abroad.

He shrank with horror from the idea.

So the whole family went to Queen's Chace!

Sir Jasper invited a party of friends for Christmas.

Until Christmas he promised himself perfect rest.

It was at the beginning of October that he received the letter which so altered the course of his life and that of others.

It was from Assunta di Cyntha—written on her death-bed.

Perhaps her approaching dissolution had shown her that she had misjudged some things and mistaken others.

She wrote to the man whom she had hated with such deadly hate, and the words she used were more gracious than any she had ever used before.

She told him that she would soon rejoin her sister—the young wife he had so dearly loved—and that she could not die until her child was safe and well provided for.

"If I had money of my own," she wrote, "I should not trouble you; but I have none—my income dies with me, and the old palace that has been my own passes into other hands.

"I have nothing to leave my beautiful Veronica, and you must take her.

"She is beautiful and gifted, but she is unlike other girls because she has led a lonely life.

"She believes that her father is dead. She knows nothing of her parentage or of her birth.

"I have taught her—Heaven pardon me if I have done wrong!—to hate the English.

"My lessons may bear evil fruit or good—I know not.

"I understand the child as no one else ever can, and I say to you most decidedly, if ever you wish to win her love or her heart, do not shock her at first by telling her that you are her father.

"Remember she has been taught to hate the English, and to believe that her father is dead.

"Let her learn to know you and to love you first, then tell her what you will.

"I impress this on you, for I know her well.

"I will forward by her all papers that are necessary to prove her birth.

"Send for Veronica at once. I know that I have not many hours to live."

He was sitting in the drawing-room at Queen's Chace when that letter was brought to him.

His daughter Katherine was at the piano, singing some of the old English ballads that he loved.

Lady Brandon lay on the couch, engrossed in a novel.

A clear, bright fire was burning in the grate.

The warm air was perfumed with the odor of flowers.

He raised his haggard face as he read.

Great Heaven, what was he to do?

He had almost forgotten the very existence of the child.

She had faded from his memory.

His passionate love for her beautiful mother was as keen as ever—as full of life as it had been on the first day he had met her.

The child he had disliked.

The child had cost her mother her life.

Why had Assunta given her that sweet, sad name of "Veronica?"

What was he to do with her when she came?

He looked at his handsome wife, with her high-bred face and dignified manner, he looked at his lovely young daughter, and then bowed his head in despair.

A thought had pierced his soul.

During all these years he had forgotten the child.

She had passed, as it were, out of his life.

Ansunta had taken her, and would keep her.

She had refused his help, she would have nothing from him.

She had told him that he must wash his hands of the child, and he had done so.

If ever he thought of her, he concluded that she would be brought up in entire ignorance of England and of him, that she would marry some Venetian.

Of late he had thought but little of her, and during the past three or four years she had faded from his mind.

So the letter was a terrible blow to him.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Voice from the Dead.

BY CLARENCE M. BOUTELLE.

THE glory of sunset lay in a golden flood over land and river.

Surely clouds were never brighter with richest colors, grass and leaves never greener, scene never more beautiful than that which was spread before the appreciating eyes of two young persons who walked across the smooth lawn, toward the river, and toward the grandeur of sunset, in that bright day so surely fading into night, so long ago.

I saw Miss Glenyl, yesterday.

Not very old yet, perhaps, as the years go, but with a plentiful gray among the scanty brown of her hair, and with her blue eyes dim with the age which comes without always waiting for the years to bring it.

I can remember when she was known as "Pretty Mollie Glenyl," but you wouldn't guess it now, I fear.

You see, but never mind that, let us find sorrow for her only as we must.

A glance at the two who faced the sunset would have convinced you that they were lovers.

They were.

And the bliss of revealed love was just falling in blessing into their lives, bringing the warm blood to the cheek, and leaving its brightness to light up the eye.

"Pretty Mollie Glenyl" he said, and the not uncommon name seemed to derive a new meaning from the tenderness in his voice, "Pretty Mollie Glenyl, I love you."

Was she too frank, too ready with her love?

I think not.

I think she was only brave and very honest.

"I know it, and I am very glad and happy," were the words she said.

She will never forget the day nor the surroundings.

Behind her the grand old house in which she was born, the house in which she will die.

To the right, the great park, with its velvet turf and its giant trees.

To the left, the thick hedge, close at hand, which shut the fields of Glenyl Home from the pleasure grounds around the house. In front, the hill leading down to the river bank, the river, the broad fields beyond, the more distant hills, and so on and on to where day was dying in its purple blaze!

Mollie Glenyl had said it all.

Rupert Gayl needed no other word.

Her little hand stole softly into his.

Her timid blue eyes were raised to his face for a moment.

His first kiss fell on her warm sweet lips.

Each heart felt that it meant "until death do us part," and more!

There was little said.

Perfect misery or perfect happiness brings silence.

The day, the hour, the scene all around them, took new meaning from what had come to them.

But they had enough to do to listen to what their own glad hearts were saying without clothing their feelings in the poor garb of words.

Down by the river, they parted.

He to cross over and find his pleasant way home under the darkening skies.

She to climb the hill again and seek seclusion where she might feel and look as happy as she pleased without fear that some one would see her and guess her secret.

Day was done when she left him.

The clouds in the west had lost all trace of color, and seemed like somber curtains shutting the light away from earth.

A mournful breeze had sprung up, and ruffled the river and tossed the grass and trees.

One or two stars were already in sight.

She turned, once or twice, to look at her lover, and he was still standing where she had left him.

He was watching her as she went up out of the dark valley in which he stood.

At the top of the hill she turned to look back for the last time.

She kissed her hand to him, and then, as though overcome by a sudden feeling of modesty, she ran lightly toward the house.

There was the sound of a shot over in the valley she had left, and a cry that might have been anger or terror or only pain.

I suppose that Mollie Glenyl never knew that she screamed for help as she dashed across the park and down the steep hill to the river bank in the gathering dusk of night.

She never knew, probably, that the hedge caught with thorny fingers at her clothing, nor that she stumbled and fell more than once.

She paid no heed to the owl which flew with discordant cry across her path and settled in a tree not far from the boat landing.

She only felt that something had happened to Rupert Gayl.

She only willed to reach him and help him, if she could; she only knew that she loved him.

Did you ever consider the way in which any evil news travels?

A man may hunt in the forest for bird and beast all day long, and no one will give more than a thought to the sound of his gun as it floats dreamily to the world outside; but let him kill himself, by accident or design, and it seems as though the winds carried the news of the ghastly secret.

Children may shout at their play, and we scarce know we hear them; but, even when the scream of terror and despair almost dies on the lips which utter it, the shuddering air tells it far and near.

So that while Mollie Glenyl was first at her lover's side, it was not many minutes before a score or more were with her.

The few minutes that passed while she was alone with the man to whom she had given her love were the hardest ones she ever lived.

But I think she dwells on them with tenderest fancy now.

I am sure that the pleasure which we feel in the bringing up again in memory of those events which although terrible were inevitable, the satisfaction of living sorrow and bereavement over again, all center for her in the short and fleeting moments during which she stood by her lover and rained her tears and kisses on his white and senseless face.

He lay there, when she came, half in and half out of his boat, a revolver clasped tightly in his right hand, and his life flowing rapidly away from a cruel wound just above his heart.

And her ignorant and inexperienced eyes were too keen and quick to leave her the comfort of a doubt.

He was dying, and she knew it.

She knew it, and knew that there was no hand in all the world strong enough to hold death back from the fair and noble victim he had chosen.

The black and curly hair lay like a deeper cloud of coming night against the marble back-ground of his brow.

His eyes were closed.

His lips were white.

Death was very near.

Its touch was on heart and brain.

Mollie's father was the first to come.

Aged and feeble as he was he had been quicker than the servants at Glenyl Home.

He had long looked to see his daughter the wife of Rupert Gayl, and his first sight of his weeping girl and the dying man convinced him that only the dead visitor who had come to them so suddenly had prevented the wish of his heart from being fulfilled.

The servants came a minute later.

Then neighbors began to arrive.

Five minutes more, and a young man with a very pale face broke through the gathering crowd and came to the side of Mollie Glenyl and her father.

He gave his hand to the old man, who took it in silence and almost mechanically, but only gave a quick and troubled glance at the girl.

She seemed hardly aware of his presence.

He turned quickly away with a shudder.

It would be too much for the nerves of almost any man to see the woman he had tried to win sit unmindful that he was by while she held the hand of a man who would always stand between them, be he living or dead!

And certainly only an unobserving man would have hinted that Roy Glenyl would willingly let his fair cousin go to the heart and home of any other than himself.

True, his wooing had never been very ardent nor very earnest.

But he had lived all his life long within a half mile of Mollie's home, and as for wooing and wedding,—she was hardly more than a little girl yet.

Fortune, face, form, his must indeed have been a fastidious taste if he had failed to care for her, and while some had called him a "laggard in love," there were none who doubted that lazy and careless Roy Glenyl meant to call Mollie his own and come, some day, to Glenyl Home to stay there all his life.

And more than one watched him as he stood and looked at the dull and dreary picture of tragedy before him, with the shades and shadows of the swiftly flowing river for a fitting back-ground.

Was it not as deep a tragedy for him as for anyone?

Many thought so.

And many hearts went out in silent sympathy to the man who stood there watching the woman who would have been so much to him if he could have won her, as she counted the weakening pulse beats which told that life had not yet surrendered its all to death.

"His revolver has one empty chamber," said one who had examined it, "and—and—we can all guess where the bullet from it went."

"It is false," said Mollie sternly, "if one chamber of his revolver is empty there is some juggler's trick about it.

"He was too happy to take his life. I tell you he did not do it."

"Too happy?" asked her father.

"Yes, too happy. Only a little while ago he asked for my love, and gave it to him.

"I loved him so! I loved him so!"

And she turned toward him with all the energy of her love and despair shining in her face.

The eyes of the dying man opened, and roved in eager search from face to face among the crowd.

He raised his head with an effort which was terrible to see.

His lips moved almost convulsively, and his fingers clutched at nothing.

Suddenly he raised his right hand and laid it over his heart.

He commenced to speak, and his voice was strong and firm.

"It—was—" but he said no more.

The terror of failure shone up from his soul through his eyes like a flash, and died out in the unmeaning stare which is left when the soul is gone.

Mollie Glenyl was left with the mystery of death between her and the other mystery which she could not guess.

"It was"—what?

"Suicide," said her father, and some one whose ear was keen and whose power of quick observation had grown while his ability to reason and judge had lain dormant said that the old man spoke as though he hoped it, and doubted.

"Suicide" said the neighbors. "Suicide," said the servants.

"Suicide," said Roy Glenyl through his white and quivering lips.

Then the officers of the law had their turn.

The pistol barrel was clean and unstained, but one charge was certainly missing.

There was no sign of smoke or burning on the clothes of the dead man, but, well they couldn't explain that and they gave up trying to do so.

So that the verdict of the corner's jury was:—

"It was—Suicide!"

* * * * * *

People laugh at what they don't understand.

They laugh at those who baffle them; they laugh whenever there seems no other weapon to use than laughter.

So the citizens of Westburg laughed at the Science Club.

The young men who composed the club were rich, but they belonged to the Science Club.

They were strong and manly, but they were members of the Science Club.

They were not accounted foolish nor visionary in other things, but they were the Science Club, and that was enough.

They and their club were the never failing sources of mirth for the citizens of Westburg.

To be sure, Max Oktz was the cleverest surgeon within a hundred miles.

John Banks was the best lawyer in the country.

Pierce Ettroile had started as a poor boy, had always been the soul of honor, and at thirty-five years of age was the richest man in the city.

It may be that people laugh at what is odd only when it is beyond their reach; for it is certain that more than one person had tried to join the club, and that the refusals had been so prompt and pointed that it was now well understood that Oktz and Banks and Ettroile were, and had been, and always would be the alpha and omega of the Science Club.

The Science Club dignified itself by having regular rooms.

Max Oktz lived in a large, old fashioned, rambling house, and on the front door was a very modest plate which told the caller that he lived there, and that he was a physician and surgeon.

But the outer door of one of the more modern wings, a door beyond which none but members ever passed, had a bright new sign telling that it was the home of "The Science Club."

What did the members of the club do?

Nothing very serious nor very wicked. The statement sometimes whispered that the word "Science" was really a synonym for "drinking" was a wicked slander.

I cannot vouch for all the members as strict abstainers, but if they drank at all it was elsewhere.

These men read.

No these men knew the past and present of the world better than they did.

None could have more safely and shrewdly guessed at the future.

They wrote.

Their names were better known outside Westburg, among those on a higher intellectual plane than too many of the Westburgers, than in that city.

They studied.

They investigated.

They never hesitated to pay liberally for what would help them in their work.

Their rooms were filled with charts and books, apparatus and machinery, and all that made amateur science a pleasure as well as a profit.

The snowladen wind of December was whispering with its frozen breath of the dead summer time, long ago gone, as two of these friends, Banks and Ettroile, sat and smoked and waited in the outer one of the suite of rooms occupied by the club.

"Six month's absence," said Banks reflectively, "how glad we shall be to see Max again."

"Six months! It seems like six years," said the impulsive Ettroile, "I shall rejoice.

"I shall overpower him with gladness."

"And he comes to-night."

"Yes, to-night. Happy night. I forgive it the wind and storm."

"I am anxious to go on with our studies.

"Max is to act as demonstrator of anatomy for us, you know.

"Yes. The beauty of the human body. The perfection of God's creative flower. I am ardent for the work."

"To-morrow we begin. I looked at our subject to-day.

"The cold room has kept the body as firm and fresh as when the express brought it to us packed in ice.

"We have had it now five months, isn't it? Or is it only four?"

"Five! More than five! I so long to begin."

"I have counted the hours. Let us make ready to-night."

Banks agreed, and these two earnest students went into the next room to prepare for learning a lesson which involves so much of the seemingly horrible.

The dissecting table was drawn to the center of the room, directly under a great hanging lamp.

The sharp instruments by which the physician forces from the dead the secrets that aid the living were placed near at hand.

The table was given its load, obtained in some way and somewhere by some one—the way and the where and the one being best not very fully required about.

"I should like to see the effect of electricity on the body," said Banks.

"Charming, my friend, charming. Electricity is great.

"We will use it," answered Ettroile.

They drew the table, on which were placed their great batteries, nearer to the one on which the dead man lay.

They prepared to counterfeit life, for a moment or two, in one who had lived and moved and been strong and good and happy once.

They looked down at the man.

His thick hair lay in heavy curls upon his forehead, and was as deeply black as his brow was white.

His face seemed to still wear a baffled look as though the brain which had once lived and loved behind it had gone out from its home into the darksome and lonely land beyond this with its dearest wish denied it.

A discolored wound just above the heart told which way the earthly life of the poor mortal had gone out.

They attached the wires.

They put the batteries in action.

What a burlesque, though a sad one, is the best that science can do when it places its most powerful aids side by side with life.

"Electricity is life," they say. But if it is, the knowledge of the human race is in its infancy.

The eyes of the dead opened, and rolled from side to side.

But there was no intelligence in them. The muscles moved the limbs, but the movements were grotesque.

The door opened.

Dr. Max Oktz entered. He smiled very sadly.

The sadness was for the dead, the smile for the enthusiasm of his friends.

"Why, where did this man come from?" he asked a moment later, very earnestly.

"Why?" asked Banks and Ettroile together.

"Because there is a mystery connected with his death.

"I was visiting in the neighborhood, and was present when Rupert Gayl died.

"He was engaged to a most lovely woman; was the rival of her cousin, I believe.

"Some said his death was suicide. Some thought otherwise.

"I confess I have had my doubts. I would give much if he could have finished the last sentence he ever tried to speak. His last words were, 'It—was.'"

Ettroile suddenly turned on a stronger current.

The head of the man was lifted from the table.

His right hand was lifted, and laid over the wound on his breast.

His lips moved!

It was a word they formed!

It was a word without a breath!

More silently than any whisper you ever heard, it lay upon his stern dead lips; yet all three knew the word that the muscles shaped, and would have sworn they heard it!

It was, "Murder!"

* * * * * *

'Mr. Roy Glenyl—

Yesterday you asked me for my love, forgetting the dead I loved. I spirited you, and knowing that I had no hope of ever being happy again myself, I half thought I would make you happy by being your wife.

I promised you your answer to-day. I give it to you now.

Some one—you will never know who—came to me last night with a tale, you will never know what, I think.

You can only learn it through sworn testimony in a court room.

I believe it.

Three others know it.

They will never reveal it except at my bidding.

No breath of shame has ever fallen on the Glenyl name.

No public shame need fall upon it now. I will arrange matters so well that my death, merely, shall make no difference in your sentence; and your sentence is this: Go at once to Europe, and never come to this country again, and I am silent.

Return, and I will have you tried for the murder of Rupert Gayl.

His dying thought was,—'It was murder!'

If you are innocent, stay and prove it. Dare you try? Mollie Glenyl."

That is the letter she sent her cousin many and many a long year ago.

And only a month since Roy Glenyl told a friend of mine that he liked Paris too well to ever return to America.

The Widow's Ruse.

BY J. CLEGG.

NANNIE JAMES could not keep quiet, for, tell it not abroad, she was getting reduced in circumstances.

"Fat, fair and forty," she was a widow, having laid beneath the sod two husbands, who, people were malicious enough to say, had been put to death by her tongue, which had never ceased wagging as long as they were able to listen to her.

Be that as it may, she was now on the quivive for her husband Number Three, so her acquaintances thought, by the way she looked into the affairs of all the eligible widowers in the place.

Near by the widow's cottage stood the residence of Mr. Crabtree, who, sad to relate, was living the solitary life of a bachelor.

He shunned society, and therefore society shunned him; a sort of game of quits it was.

Nannie had attended to other people's business, and it was quite time to attend to her own.

So she had decided—yes, she had decided that Mr. Crabtree, the bachelor, had remained single long enough.

His mansion was too fine to be "let" alone.

One day, when the bachelor was sitting near the fireside, looking around on the desolate hearth, a ring at the door aroused him, and a girl-of-all-work was ushered into his august presence.

"Please, ma'am—I mean—sir—madam wants to know if you will step over a few minutes, as she has important news to tell you."

"What! Whose girl are you?"

"I live at the next house. My mistress is called Widow James."

"No, I will not be inveigled by any widow.

"Humph! I wonder what she has to say.

"Stop, girl; tell her I will be there very soon," said the bachelor.

The widow kept peeping through the blinds until she spied Mr. Crabtree coming.

She ran to the door and opened it.

"Oh, Mr. Crabtree, have you heard the preposterous story which is being circulated?

"Oh, Mr. Crabtree, I shall really faint!"

And she sank gracefully into the man's arms.

"Murder! Help, help!" cried the bachelor.

"Open your eyes, and—dear——"

She gasped.

She leaned against his side.

"Water, water," he cried. What shall I do?"

"A nice position for a bachelor. And the front door open, too.

"I'm afraid I shall say something stronger than 'dear.'"

She opened her blue eyes and looked at his face, which was the color of a turkey comb, as he uttered the word "dear."

"Quick, here comes Mrs. Prior; you must let me take you from the door," exclaimed Mr. Crabtree.

"As you wish," she feebly said, still clinging to his coat sleeve.

Tenderly he led her to an ottoman in the parlor, and asked her what had overcome her so.

"Spare my blushes, but I thought you must know it sooner or later. It concerns you."

"Well, you are very kind to trouble yourself on my account.

"Has my agent been extorting money from my tenants? If he has, he shall suffer."

"No, no, it is not that. It is was something worse, a great deal worse."

"Has my mischievous nephew played any prank that disturbed the people?"

"Oh, no, it is—I cannot speak it—that you—we——"

"Do not be afraid to speak; go on."

"That we are engaged to be married now."

She said this with a slight tremor in her voice.

"Wha-at! When I—when we never thought of such a ridiculous thing."

"Yes, that is what I said. I knew you would be very angry, and so I thought it would not be so hard to bear if we could sympathize with each other about it," she smiling said.

He looked at her blooming face her dimpled cheeks, and thought her beautiful.

He was not so very angry about it.

She smiled at him, she smiled on him, and she continued to smilingly address him till he said—

"Why should we not then make the report true?"

And that is the way she got husband Number Three.

THE prince of science, having cast his eye over the table to see that none of the instruments are missing or misplaced, is about to amputate his patient's leg. The patient bursts out into lamentations. "Come come, my good fellow," says the surgeon, encouragingly, "don't take on so. Try and fix your mind on something else!"

The Shattered Idol.

BY BLAKE PAXSON.

OH, isn't it beautiful?"

Nellie D'Arcy's lovely blue eyes were eloquent with admiration as she stood several paces away from the magnificent ball toilette that lay on the sofa in the parlor of Madame De Lawny's dressmaking establishment.

It certainly was beautiful, perfect, faultless.

It was no wonder that Nellie D'Arcy's blue eyes darkened, and her peachy cheeks deepened their charming bloom.

More fastidious eyes than hers, and less keen tastes had admired, and would admire, in dainty, fashionable terms, this exquisite dress that Maude Tamworth was to wear that self-same night.

And little Nellie, fresh from the country village that had always been her home until six months ago, when, through the village dressmaker's influence she had secured a position in Madame De Lawny's great establishment—little violet-eyed Nellie—Nellie, with her foolish, girlish heart, looked at Miss Tamworth's dress, with her dimpled hands clasped in a little silent ecstasy, and thought, if Mr. Arch Grosvenor loved her so well in her simple grey serge or her black cashmere, how very much better he would love her in such a dress as that.

Mr. Arch Grosvenor!

Her heart bounded at the thought of her handsome lover, with his proud head that he carried so haughtily—short, half-curling blonde hair and all.

His heavy, drooping moustache and whiskers, of such a sweet shade of golden amber, that he loved to caress with his white, slender hand—the high-bred looking hand, with long fingers and almond nails, and the one cameo ring on the little finger, carved with the coat-of-arms of the Grosvenor family.

So handsome!

Everyone knew that.

So aristocratic!

Everyone knew that.

So rich and stylish, coming in his carriage, with a footman and coachman in steel-blue livery, and horses black as ebony, with always a shower of snow-white foam over their breasts—with always such high-stepping paces and proud, tossing heads, that many a time when Mr. Grosvenor had driven up to Madame De Lawny's doors with some stylish lady or other, Nellie had been so afraid those big, restless horses would dash away and kill him—her very own darling!

For that was what he was—her very own darling.

He had told her he loved her better than anybody in all the world; told her, when once or twice he had persuaded her to take a drive to the park with him, that her eyes were the brightest, her face the prettiest—and once—only once when she had permitted him to kiss her—how her heart throbbed at the memory of that close-folding in his arms—once, he had said her lips were the very sweetest in all the wide world.

And he had told her such marvelous stories of the world he lived in—the world of fashion, pleasure and elegance, and asked her how she would like to live among such sweetness.

It had been the one, the first happiness of Nellie D'Arcy's life—Arch Grosvenor's love.

As she laid her hand almost adoringly on the dress Maude Tamworth was to wear where Mr. Grosvenor would be, Miss Tamworth and Madame De Lawny opened the door and surprised the girl's happy, radiant eyes.

Miss Tamworth laughed softly.

"Child, you remind me of a devotee at the shrine of her saint. Is it possible that a handsome dress can excite such perfect happiness as I see on your face?"

Miss Tamworth had a low, sweet voice—and Madame De Lawny echoed her customer's words in tones almost as sweet and kind.

Nellie lowered her head droopingly, to hide the pink surges that were more to be credited to thoughts of Mr. Arch Grosvenor than even to this perfect dream of beauty, Miss Tamworth's dress.

"I was thinking how happy one must be to be able to wear such dresses—to be beautiful, like you, Miss Tamworth, and go to balls and parties, and everywhere."

Nellie looked half-shyly at the girl, scarcely five years older than herself, but with such uneasy listlessness in her dark-circled eyes.

"Happy. Madame only hear the child talk. Miss D'Arcy, would you be happy if you could go to balls—this ball for instance—and promenade and dance and flirt all evening?"

Nellie's eyes opened wonderingly.

It was just a little odd to hear proud Miss Tamworth talking so familiarly with her—only a dressmaker's apprentice.

Would it make her happy.

She thought of Arch Grosvenor, and a perfect flood of glory illuminated her features that Madame De Lawny smiled a little sneeringly at, that Miss Tamworth saw, and smiled at half-sneeringly, half-pityingly.

"You pretty, foolish child, I would give a year off my life to enjoy the sensation you will enjoy.

"Miss D'Arcy, people say I'm eccentric, and you may think I am crazy: but I am going to take you to the reception with me to-night.

"Madame, I will send my apple-green tarletane round to you in an hour or so, and I want you to trim it over for Miss D'Arcy, with silver tissue, and those delicious sprays of silver wheat and white marguerites.

"I'll send my maid here at nine o'clock to dress her hair. Miss D'Arcy, am I crazy?"

Her pretty eyes peered into Nellie's bewildered face, over which a succession of expressions were passing.

"Miss Tamworth, you are an angel. Oh, it will be a glimpse of Heaven."

"I think not," she returned, dryly, and then went languidly away, leaving Nellie in a state of excitement that made her eyes like twin stars.

* * * * * *

Gleaming lights were shining like diamonds through crystal globes.

Waving silken flags.

Festoons of brilliant evergreens.

Masses of blooming flowers.

The tinkle and fragrance of a perfumed fountain.

The glitter of jewels.

The rustle of silks.

The music of the band.

The rhythmic fall of hundreds of feet in the joyous gallop.

Nellie D'Arcy was all a-quiver with the fairy-like enchantment of the scene.

Fair as a lily in her dainty gossamer robes she sat perfectly content to look on and enjoy.

More than one pair of masculine eyes had wandered in the direction of her flushed, eager face and shining violet eyes, that did not note the admiration she was receiving—eyes that had but one duty to perform—to seek from among that throng of handsome men, the handsomest, the best, the one she loved, the one—oh, joy! oh, bliss!—who loved her better than any of those beautiful women who seemed to Nellie like fairy dreams.

Through all the ceaselessly-changing scenes on the floor Nellie's bright eyes kept watch—and at length Arch Grosvenor went whirling by where she sat, so near the curtains that she might have touched the silvery-blue silk sleeve of the lady who waltzed on his arm, a tall, magnificent woman, with diamonds and pearls in her puffed, flossy, yellow-gold hair.

Nellie's heart fairly stopped in its tumultuous beats for a second, with pure, perfect joy at the sight of the lover who had not gladdened her eyes for nearly a month, but who, the very last time he had seen her, had looked down in her eyes with such passionate ardor, and told her she was dearest, sweetest, best of all.

Then a little smile crept around her lips as she watched the two—that beautiful woman and Arch Grosvenor—a sorrowing pity for the lady who did not know that her handsome escort was her own—her very, very own lover.

There never came the first pang of envy or jealousy in Nellie's heart—nothing but rapturous, ecstatic happiness and pride in this handsome lover, that no one knew was her lover.

Would he see her?

Would he recognise her?

Would he admire her?

And she followed him with that magnetic earnestness of gaze that compels return.

Arch Grosvenor turned his handsome head towards her, a little puzzled, a trifle wonderingly, and then smiled and bowed to the beautiful girl, to the envy of many another gentleman.

Fifteen minutes later he was at her side.

"Little Nellie D'Arcy. Is it possible, or only some tantalizing mistake? Is it actually you, and looking the sweetest of any lady in the room? Tell me all about it, dear."

Her radiant, adoring eyes were on his face and he drew her further back into the shadow of the crimson silk curtains, while she breathlessly, half-shyly told him "all about it."

He was leaning back in his chair gracefully, while Nellie talked, but with a curious, half-puzzled expression on his face, all pleasantly interested, as it was—an expression deepened when Nellie laid her pale-pink kidded hand on his sleeve—with a charming little air of half-shyness, half-tenderness.

"Now, Mr. Grosvenor, please tell me 'all about it'—all about the elegant lady who danced the waltz with you—the lady in blue."

Mr. Grosvenor's forehead puckered into a little frown.

"Never mind the lady in blue, Nellie. Do you waltz?"

"Oh, I wish I did."

Her dewy violet eyes told so plainly all she meant that Mr. Grosvenor smiled.

"You little flatterer! I shall have to leave you, then, for I am engaged for the Lancers, and I see they are forming. Good-night, darling. Remember, I love you best of all."

Somehow—it seemed strange, with such passionate words ringing in her ears—but, somehow, her heart sank as Mr. Grosvenor's back turned on her, and he threaded hastily through the crowd after his partner.

But Miss Tamworth passing on a gentleman's arm that minute dispelled the curious pain that had gathered at her heart.

Miss Tamworth dismissed her cavalier, and took her seat by Nellie, where they could watch the dancers.

"It is plainly to be seen that you are enjoying yourself, child. What a pity you don't dance! Mr. Grosvenor told me he called on you and you declined a waltz."

Nellie's heart bounded with sudden bliss again.

Had her lover been brave and loving enough to admit that?

Miss Tamworth went on, carelessly, listlessly, watching the dancers the while:—

"I did not know you knew Mr. Grosvenor, and I told him so, but he said he had seen you often at De Lawny's. Child, what are you blushing for? Nellie, Arch Grosvenor hasn't been turning your head?"

Nellie felt her head grow dizzy at the thrust that went so close home.

To the vivid flushes succeeded a pallor of consciousness.

"Nellie, poor child! didn't I tell you it was not a glimpse of heaven you'd have? Nellie, Mr. Grosvenor has been married nearly six weeks to that handsome blonde in blue brocade."

The girl's eyes dilated in sudden horror.

Her cheeks turned so ashen pale that Miss Tamworth sprang up in alarm.

"Married! married! and he spoke such words to me! Oh, let me go away! Miss Tamworth, I never, never can wait to get away from this awful place."

She did not faint or scream.

She only gasped out the words with blanched lips and wild eyes.

But on her young face came an agony that all the after years would be powerless to erase, though they might soften it—the deathless anguish of a betrayed woman's only love.

Scientific and Useful.

CHERRY STAIN.—Cherry stain for fine wood is thus prepared: Boil until dissolved four ounces of annatta in three quarts of water in a copper kettle; put in a piece of potash of the size of a walnut; keep the whole on the fire half an hour longer, and then the stain is ready for use.

CORK BRICKS.—Bricks made of cork now constitute one of the new German industries. The usual size is ten by three-fourths and two and a half inches. They are prepared from small corks, refuse, and cement, and have not only been used for certain building purposes, on account of their lightness and insolating properties, but are also employed as a covering for boilers, in preventing the radiation of heat.

HORN HORSESHOES.—A new horseshoe has lately been experimented with at Lyons, France. It is made entirely of sheep's horn, and is found particularly adapted to horses employed in towns and known not to have a steady foot on the pavement. The results of the experiments have proved very satisfactory, as horses thus shod have been driven at a rapid pace on the pavement without slipping. Besides this advantage, the new shoe is very durable.

CLOUD MACHINE.—If a contrivance, a design of which has been submitted to the Australian Minister for Water Supply, be successful, one of the greatest enemies to the farmer, drought, will to some extent be avoided. It is a machine for bringing down rain, and is in the form of a balloon, with a charge of dynamite underneath it. The balloon is to be sent into the clouds, and the dynamite is to be fired by a wire connecting it with the earth. It is the intention of the inventor, it is stated, to make a trial of the apparatus on the dry districts of New South Wales.

Farm and Garden.

FOWLS' WINGS.—A poultry raiser says that when he cuts a chicken's wings, he gets some one to hold the bird, and he takes the wing and stretches it out, and with a sharp knife commences near the body, leaving three or four of the quill feathers next the body without cutting, and cuts all the rest, except three or four at the tip end. That will take the wind out of their sails and prevent flying. The feathers left at the tip of the wing enables the hen to keep her eggs in place if you let her sit, and when the wing is shut up it does not disfigure her.

MANURING ORCHARDS.—Few farmers now make the mistake of piling manure for apple trees around the trunks. This is about as sensible as it would be to place food for a man around his feet rather than putting it into his mouth. The feeding roots of trees, which are their mouths, are at least as far from the trunk as the top of the tree would be if it were blown down. In bearing orchards the roots meet, and more mouths would be fed by spreading the manure in the center, between the rows.

GRAPEVINES.—If bones are really as valuable as they are claimed to be by some for grapevines, every one has the means at hand for stimulating his vines to a wonderful vigor. It is said if a bone is placed in the earth near the root of the grape, the vine will send out a leading root directly to the bone. In its passage it will throw out no fibers, but when it reaches the bone, the root will entirely cover it with the most delicate fibers, like lace, each one seeking a pore of the bone. On this bone the vine will continue to feed as long as nutriment remains to be extracted.

AGAINST TRAMPS.—It is in print that the farmers of a county in Pennsylvania have effected an organization, offensive and defensive, against the summer invasion of tramps. They are the terror of rural life, and any society or organization that seeks to protect farmers' wives from their insults and worse, has a worthy and necessary task before it. The use of the lash would deter many tramps from cowardly depredations, and drive many of them to work. The tramp nuisance is becoming unendurable in many parts of the country and it is high time that stringent measures were adopted for its suppression. Let the good work go on until the evil is abated.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

SIXTY-FOURTH YEAR.

SATURDAY EVENING, JULY 26, 1884.

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GIFT AND ACQUIREMENT.

There are no two attributes or properties of the mind more essentially distinct than genius and learning; and yet no two from whose union such great and manifold advantages result.

Wherever they exist singly, it is quite manifest how much each requires the assistance of the other.

In fact, from their very nature it appears that it is only when united that they can be productive of any lasting benefit. The very qualities which each possesses show them to be mutually dependent on each other.

Genius, in the general acceptation of the word, is solely the gift of nature.

It is that sublime contexture—that mystical organization—that harmonious adjustment and congruity of all mental powers, by which is produced a loftiness of sentiment, and a capacity and amplitude of conception, that surpasses the range and limits of ordinary minds.

Learning, on the contrary, is the product of labor acquired by application and industry, and the result, not of any union or combination of intellectual agencies, or any peculiar refinement of the mind, but of the proper use, exercise and cultivation of those faculties of perception of which we are all to a certain degree possessed.

Thus, we see that the former wants the steadiness of the latter to direct it in its pursuits; while the latter needs the fervor and energy of the former to maintain and support it in its exertions.

On the whole, however, it is not unfair to conclude that, when they exist singly, the attainment of distinction is but probable and likely; but when they are united, it is certain and undoubted.

In fact, genius without learning may be compared to a ship elegantly constructed, but unprovided with a helm, or to some amazing mechanical force without a directing power to control its motions.

It may, by its own innate might, strike out a bold and daring course in the regions of mind, and sometimes arrive perhaps at its proposed end; but then, too frequently it is in danger of exhausting itself in boundless speculation, or being lost amid the very world of imaginings which its own power had created.

Learning, again, without genius, or at least a moderate portion of it, is the ship furnished with the helm, but in want of the sails by which it can catch the breeze and bound over the deep.

It may possess a large and comprehensive knowledge, and a clear and perspicuous judgment resulting from this knowledge, but it will want that alacrity and agility of mind by which it is buoyed up and supported amid the turmoil of life. And thus, in order to realize great results, both must be joined.

It is the junction of both that has produced our greatest statesmen and philosophers.

Tothether, they are the sources of everything grand and noble in the achievements of mind.

They create around them a luminous and phosphorescent atmosphere, from which have radiated those lucent streams of knowledge that have enlightened the world.

SANCTUM CHAT.

IT has been calculated that the annual number of deaths throughout the world is 35,698,350, or 97,790 per day. On the other hand, the number of births per day is 104,800. Seventy new lives are ushered in every minute of the 24 hours.

—

ONE of the best evidences of a high degree of civilization in any country, is the prevalence of good roads connecting different counties together. And the converse is generally true, viz: Where you find the roads badly kept, rough, dangerous or impassable, the inhabitants are semi-civilized or savage.

—

THE city of Brussels means to try the experiment of using electricity to drive its street cars in good earnest. One line is to be equipped with motors, and separate accounts to be kept, in order to ascertain definitely the cost of running, as compared with the use of horses. The test will last a year, and if successful, horses will be dropped.

—

A SUPERABUNDANCE of fat, says a prominent medical journal, is produced by eating more than is required for the legitimate wants of the system, and particularly of sugar and starchy substances, as potatoes, and wheat bread. It has been proved—contrary to the general belief on this subject—that eating fat in moderation does not produce fat.

—

IN the new School of Medicine now being erected in Paris, it is proposed to keep a registry of all the legally-recognized physicians throughout the world. A preliminary investigation has shown that such a list would comprise about 193,000 names—65,000 in the United States, 26,000 in France, 33,000 in Germany and Austria, 35,000 in Great Britain and colonies, 10,000 in Italy, and 5,000 in Spain.

—

QUEEN VICTORIA'S rigorous prohibition of social festivities since the Duke of Albany died, causes lots of growling. Says London *Truth*: "The royal family is numerous enough to form a small regiment, and it is rapidly increasing. If, then, this sort of public penance is to be ordered when a death takes place, the time will come when the country will be in a state of permanent mourning."

—

THE following is stated to be the increase since the commencement of the century in the number of persons speaking the different languages: English, from fifty-five millions to ninety millions; Russian, from thirty millions to sixty-three million; Germans, from thirty-eight millions to sixty-six millions; Spanish, from twenty-two millions to forty-four millions; Italian, from eighteen millions to thirty millions; and Portuguese, from eight millions to thirteen millions.

—

THE mechanic may imagine that, when he has added together the amount of his savings, the value of his home and of his tools, he has accounted for all his wealth. But how much he has omitted! His strong arm, his expert hands, his knowledge of his trade, his physical endurance, his reputation as a superior and faithful workman—these are of more worth to him in the future, even from a money-point of view, than all his material possessions. With them he can repair losses, make good deficiencies, and, if need be, with good heart and courage, begin the world anew; but, rob him of these, and he is poor and pitiable, indeed.

—

PARENTS are frequently impatient with children because they do not understand matters, or quickly comprehend some hint or sign given at a special moment. A lady once complained of her little girl, who happened to be especially stupid at the wrong moment. An old gentleman rebuked her, saying, "If you had learned as much in every two years of your life as she has, you would be a wise woman by this time." That remark set her to thinking, and she never complained afterward because her child was not able to comprehend as quickly as she did herself. The child was probably as smart as its mother was at that age, and nothing more could be required. It was a word fitly spoken, and it bore good fruit.

—

A FRENCH philosophical gentleman writes, with regard to the effect of time on the human face and form, that it would be curious and instructive to have one's likeness taken every year, so that one would be able to see what alterations took place. "The idea," he says, "set me thinking how strange a thing such a portrait gallery of one's self would be if any one had the courage to have a good and faithful picture taken every year during one's life!" Between a little baby and any old person what a difference there is! But if all these pictures were equally good likenesses, where would the change begin? A German Court painter used to paint or draw a series of forecasts of an individual, ranging from thirty to forty years, according to the age of the sitter, and his or her chance of reaching thirty or forty years more. This was a mere whim, but he made shrewd forecasts and calculations, as some of his portraits showed.

—

WHAT ought a wife to call her husband when speaking to a third person? Should she say "my husband," or should she use the surname without any prefix, as Mrs. Carlyle used to talk of "Carlyle," or should she adopt another plan of that lady's, and speak, as it were, of "Mr. C.?" Perhaps it is a matter of indifference in England, but in France a woman's usage in the matter is taken as a test of breeding. In the provinces, it seems, wives speak of their husbands as "monsieur," as if their particular "monsieur" were superior to all others. Or perhaps they think this style expresses an indifference indicative of "bon ton;" "my husband," they imagine, would be vulgar. With the polite world of Paris, on the contrary, "my husband" is accepted as the proper phrase, subject to two exceptions. A very affectionate wife may speak of her husband by his Christian name, while after a certain age any other style except the surname, with the prefix "monsieur," is held to be ridiculous and a sign of "provincialism."

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A curious point in diamond lore has just been established to the delight of savants in Paris, where the exhibition of the crown jewels of the Louvre has made the subject very popular for the moment. It has long been laid down that the diamond has the power of retaining light and of afterwards emitting it in the dark. The theory has been well buttressed by reasons; but the proof has not been easy of test. Happily, a private individual, the owner of a gem of ninety-two carats, and estimated at a value of $60,000, has lent his diamond for scientific investigations. These have been most satisfactory, and the "phosphorescence" of the stone may be regarded as proved. The diamond was exposed for an hour to the direct action of the sun's rays, and afterward removed into a dark room. For more than twenty minutes afterward it emitted a light—feeble, indeed, but still sufficiently strong to make a sheet of white paper held near it visible in the dark. A similar result was arrived at by a very different experiment, and light was generated by rubbing the stone with a piece of hard flannel.

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A STRIKING illustration of the difference between a republic and a monarchy, so far at least as newspapers are concerned, is found in the fact that the number of periodicals of all sorts published in the Czar's Empire, from the Baltic to the Pacific, from the Northern Sea down to Turkey and Persia, only equals the number published in New York City alone, 625, and is but little more than twice those published in Philadelphia. For the 50,000,000 souls in the United States there are 12,600 periodicals. For the 101,000,000 souls in Russia there are 625 periodicals, of which but 63 are dailies. The whole of Siberia, with 4,000,000 of population, has only two newspapers and a bi-monthly of a geographical society. The city of Harkoff, with 126,000 inhabitants and a university, has only two dailies and two monthlies. It takes only 4,000 persons in republican America to support one periodical; it takes more than forty times as many of his autocratic majesty's subjects to support a periodical.

—

IT is often noticed that men of ideas often hesitate in their speech more than do those who have few ideas and few words to express them in. The reason is evident. Men of large vocabulary will pick and choose in their words in order to get the word that will best do the work expected of it. If this one will not answer, it will be taken out and another substituted, while the man of a limited vocabulary and few ideas will never be at a loss, for the simple reason that he has but the one set of ideas and the work is done. Of all people in the world, young women are the most glib in conversation, but this is not from any quantity of ideas or of words either, for the command of either is usually limited, but from the reason already assigned. The man who has but one suit of clothes is never troubled about dressing himself, for he puts on his one suit and goes about his business. It is the man who has a number of different suits who is confronted by the problem—what to wear and how to wear it.

—

IT is time enough to begin to be amiable when you begin to be ugly, say some young ladies; or they seem to say it. But nature punishes this perversity in a very striking and remarkable manner. They who refuse to cultivate the moral beauty during the reign of the season of physical beauty, lose the opportunity of possessing themselves of it, and moreover, they destroy their favorite species of beauty by their independence and neglect of the other. The temper imprints its mark upon the countenance, which very speedily reveals the character of the disposition which lurks behind it. Being a growing power and a vigorous power, which is even strongest at death, it gradually overcomes every obstacle which stands in the way of its own escape into outside observation. It wrinkles the brow, lowers the eyebrows, bends down the curve of the mouth, and pouts the lips whenever it happens to be of a disagreeable nature; and it gives life and permanent animation to all the lines of the face whenever its course of feeling happens to be of a kind and generous character. It comes out at last and shows itself, and once shown and impressed upon the face, it is there so long as it continues to act from within, and that is generally for life.

—

A FRENCH professor has compiled some appalling statistics in regard to the immense Continental armies that could be put into the field in case of a European war. Not mere armies, but armed nations, he says, will hereafter meet on the battlefield, and the battles of the future will be gigantic massacres. By the law of 2d of May, 1854, the German Government is authorized to call out, in case of war, 6,000,000 men. By the ukase of January 1, of the same year, Russia is permitted to arm nearly 13,000,000. Of course, these numbers are only on paper; but, deducting everything, taking the real number available in the two empires, and it is positive that Germany can put into the field 3,860,000, and Russia, 2,500,000 fighting men, thoroughly drilled and disciplined, while, by her law of December 5, 1868, Austria can put on a war footing 1,265,000 soldiers, an Austro-German-Russian alliance represents, in round numbers, 7,500,000 combatants. Join to these, as may be considered certain, Italy's contingent, assured by her laws of 1875, 1876 and 1882 at 2,570,000 men, and the quadruple league can dispose of a mass of troops of all arms, exceeding 10,000,000, with 1,600 batteries of field guns.

"YOU FORGOT."

BY A. F. D.

Once friends were thine,
And love divine
Glow'd gently in the breast;
For love and friendship, jewels rare,
Were ours by thee possessed.
But, like a child with lovely flowers,
Unwitting of their worth,
You left them in those sunny hours
To perish on the earth.
Awhile away,
They withering lay,
By memory water'd not;
They faded all away—and why?
Because you them forgot.

'Tis said that few
Are lovers true;
That rarely they abound;
How precious, then, must be the gem
Who ever it is found!
Ne'er was a lovelier blossom wet
With the tears of the infant day,
Than Jane, your own dear, lovely pet,
In her pretty cloak of gray.
Her smiles divine,
Which once were thine,
Now bless another's lot.
You ask of me the reason why;
I answer, "You've forgot."

How sad thy heart!
For now thou art
Unfriendly and unfriended;
Thy hopes grow weak without those hopes
With which they once had blended.
Like faithless friend to faithless friend,
The world to thee is proving.
No love in it you ever find,
Because you are unloving.
You seek no friend;
And as a friend
You are no longer sought;
But still pass on through weary life
Forgetting, and forgot!

Gaining His Consent.

BY J. CLEGG.

THE afternoon sun was throwing long, level bars of light across the velvet grass which sloped down to the silver ridges of sand along the sea-shore.

The curling fringes of snow-white foam broke with a soft murmurous sound on the beach.

Pennie Wingate, sitting with her book in her lap in the shadow of a low-branched tree, could just detect, through the sweet melody of dreamy summer sound, a firm, free footstep on the rocky ledge beyond, a footstep whose echo brought the color to her cheek and the sparkles to her eye.

Penelope Wingate was very pretty—just eighteen, with large, dark-blue eyes, brown, shining hair, and skin soft and translucent as mother-of-pearl.

She was slightly above the medium size, with that graceful swaying motion of every limb that must necessarily be born with one, for art never can imitate its supple ease.

Yes, she was very pretty, and so Hugh Barton thought, as he approached and saw her, an unconscious tableau in herself.

He himself was a fit mate for her, in his tall, vigorous manhood, dark and brilliant, with a certain Castilian style of beauty.

No wonder that Pennie Wingate had learned to love him with all the earnestness of her noble, womanly nature.

"Alone, Pennie," he said, pausing as his shadow fell across the pages of her book. "I did not anticipate so good an opportunity to ask you to go with me on the beach picnic to-morrow. Will you allow me the pleasure of becoming your escort?"

The question, asked with playful formality, was answered at once.

"Of course I will, Hugh. Major Truefitt asked me two hours ago, and I said I was engaged; for, of course," she added, with that pretty way of taking things for granted that belongs of right to beauty, "I knew you would want me to go with you."

"That's a good little Pennie. Then I will have the boat ready at ten precisely."

"Are we going in boats?" now inquired Pennie of Mr. Barton.

"To be sure. The distance by carriage is altogether too great; the boats will take us there in half the time."

"But are you a good oarsman?"

"Capital. You shall have an opportunity to-morrow of judging," he answered, gravely.

"But, Hugh——"

She hesitated.

"Now, then, what is coming?" laughed he. "You look as solemn as a judge."

"So will you when you hear Uncle Percy is going with me."

"Going with you?"

"Yes; some odious nonsense or other about studying the conchology of the beach, but I know it's only to prevent a tete-a-tete between you and me. For you know he's determined I shall marry Charlie Allston."

Mr. Barton bit his lip and contracted his brows.

The prospect of stout Percy in the prow of his little boat was by no means alluring.

"Can't we give him the slip?" he said, discontentedly.

"I'm afraid not; he is my legal guardian, you know," Pennie answered, softly sighing.

Hugh Barton whistled under his breath.

"Well, dear friend, what must be, must be. I would prefer Percy in his armchair at home, or in the dome of St. Peter's, or anywhere he pleased, so long as it is not with us; but, as you say, he has the right to accompany you, and we must just make the best of it."

Pennie looked up in astonishment.

Hugh Barton was not in the general habit of submitting so resignedly to the decrees of fate.

She scarcely knew what to make of it.

"You'll be sure to be ready at ten—uncle and all?"

"Yes, we will be ready."

And Mr. Barton and Miss Wingate strolled along homeward, in the level radiance of sunset, enjoying the fragrant quiet and silence, broken only by their own low voices, until they came in sight of the huge, seaside hotel, where people cramped themselves up in seven-by-nine rooms all day for the pleasure and privilege of salt-bathing and fashionable society, during the meridian glow of the summer months.

Uncle Percy was on the lookout for them—a stout old gentleman, with a red face and a shining bald head—and a very ungracious glance he cast on Mr. Hugh Barton as that young gentleman bowed a polite adieu to Miss Wingate at the foot of the steps.

Evidently there was no love lost between these two gentlemen.

The sunshine of the next day lay like a morning veil of gold over the gently rippling surface of the great deep, as Mr. Barton's little boat, lightly rocking close to the shore, creaked beneath the weight of Percy Wingate.

"Gently, sir, if you please; keep exactly in the middle of the seat," mischievously counseled Hugh Barton, as the old gentleman looked nervously from side to side. "The least deviation from an exact equilibrium would probably consign us to a watery grave."

"Perhaps—perhaps we had better turn back," faltered the old man, looking anxiously towards the fast-receding shores. "I cannot swim, and——"

"Oh, by no means, sir; it's all right," cried Hugh, pulling vigorously at the oars, and looking contentedly at the blue eyes of Pennie, who sat directly opposite to him. "Don't allow yourself to be worried; and we shall soon be there."

And then, by the way of cheering up his companion's spirits, he related a variety of anecdotes concerning deaths by drowning, shipwrecks, etc., while Pennie's concealed smiles contrasted oddly with Percy's look of open-mouthed horror.

"Here we are, sir," said Barton, at length, as the keel of the little boat grated on the sand at the rocky point which was the rendezvous of the various picnickers, "I hope you've enjoyed your row."

Percy tried to smile, and said—

Oh, yes, he had, very much indeed.

But he didn't look like it.

As soon as the impromptu lunch, eaten under the shadow of a beetling cliff of dazzling white rock, was over, Mr. Barton and Miss Wingate strolled casually off, followed also by Percy.

"We are going towards the Point," carelessly observed Mr. Barton. "I think, Mr. Wingate, you would be apt to find a finer variety of water shells on the shore."

"Oh, it doesn't matter," said Uncle Percy, "I daresay I shall find enough of them at the Point."

And he eyed the two young lovers with a glance which was, to say the least of it, malicious.

The Point was a superb mass of rocks, belted here and there with crags and rifts—a broad stretch or floor, over which, at high tide, the waters swept like a flood, but which was now a bright surface of rock or sand with tiny shells and trails of dark seaweed strewn here and there.

"Here is a delicious shady spot under these rocks," said Mr. Barton. "Shall we sit down and rest?"

"Certainly," interposed Percy, before Pennie could answer, "certainly; I am tired to death climbing over these uneven crags."

So Hugh Barton spread his plaid on the rock to form a convenient seat for Percy, while he and Pennie picked up shells, and gathered strange shining pebbles and bits of seaweed, conscious the while that the old gentleman's grey eyes were on them, keen and unwearying as the gaze of a falcon.

"Don't go out of sight, Penelope," sharply cried he, as Hugh Barton evinced a desire to pass beyond his ken, and, unwillingly enough, both turned back.

"I'll fix 'em," thought Uncle Percy, as he chuckled gleefully to himself.

But man is only human after all, and Percy was very much fatigued by his long walk, to say nothing of the fervid heat of the August day, and by degrees, he felt himself growing drowsy, his eyelids drooping lower and lower, and a delicious sense of torpor gradually insinuating itself into every crevice of his being.

"This will not do," thought Percy, "this will never do."

And he straightened himself up, and stared very fixedly at the two figures on a ledge of cliff a little below.

But in a minute the somnolent influence again overpowered him, and he leaned back, fitting his spinal column into a convenient niche of rock, and, in spite of his resolutions to the contrary, fell fast asleep.

When he awoke, the sun had, by some hocus-pocus or other, turned itself directly around, and, instead of shining on the rocky headland at the back of him, was poking its burning beams directly into his half-opened eyes, reflecting itself in a dazzling ribbon of fire from the ocean, until earth, sea and sky alike seemed one glare of white, blinding light.

"Dear me," quoth Percy, rubbing his dazzled optic orbs, "where am I? How came I here?"

Then, with the torrent of returning recollection, came also apprehension.

Where was his niece?

And where, in the name of all the fates and furies combined, was that young scoundrel, Barton?

Percy sprang to his feet in an instant—but to his horror and dismay, he found himself a modern Robinson Crusoe, rather advanced in years, on an extremely limited desert island—in other words, the tide advancing with a sullen, rushing sound, that boded all manner of evil in his ears, had literally surrounded him and was momentarily circumscribing the limits of his safe abiding.

The cold perspiration broke out in globules on his face, hot as was the afternoon.

"Heaven and earth!" groaned Percy, wildly clasping both hands over his eyes, "am I to perish here all alone? I can't swim, and there's no boat in sight. How came I to be so rash as to go to sleep? Why didn't I stay at home when I was well off?"

And he broke into a groan, low and hollow as the reverbating echo of the thunderous mass of water that circled him round.

"Hallo!" shouted Percy, putting both hands to his mouth after the manner of a speaking trumpet.

"Hallo!" came back a faint sound—faint, but still something more tangible than the echoes sent back by the rocky cliffs beyond—and in a minute or two, as Percy strained his eyes and ears in wild, breathless expectation, a little boat swept lightly round the headland.

A little boat with Pennie in the prow and Hugh Barton propelling it by long, vigorous strokes.

"We were just coming after you sir," said Hugh, as Percy bawled forth an incomprehensible medley of welcome, reproach and vituperation.

"Just coming after me! I think it was high time," roared the irate old gentleman. "Row up nearer. I am not the Colossus of Rhodes, to span half the ocean. Quick—I can feel the water splashing against me."

Hugh leaned lazily on his oars.

Pennie sat there, serene and lovely as a sea-nymph.

"Do you want to get off, sir?" questioned Mr. Barton.

"Of course I do."

"I shall be most happy to assist you," observed Mr. Barton, with the utmost courtesy, "but I have a little bargain to make first."

"A bargain, sir!" jerked forth Percy. "What do you mean, sir?"

"I mean that you have had your turn all along, sir, and that mine has come now. Before I row up a foot nearer, I must have your unconditional consent to marry your niece."

"I will never grant any such permission," cried Percy, growing scarlet in his indignation.

Hugh wheeled the head of the boat round.

"Oh, very well, sir, if you prefer to be drowned, I haven't a word to say."

"Drowned!" faltered Percy. "Stop a moment! Hold on! You would never allow me to—Hallo-o-o! I say!"

For the boat was slowly moving off, while a sudden wave, higher and stronger than its brothers, sprinkled Percy's feet with its salt spray.

"Come back!" roared Percy.

"Yes or no—have I your permission? I am determined to marry Pennie, and she will not consent without."

"Yes—yes—yes!" shouted Percy, each affirmative monosyllable louder than the last, jerked from him in mortal terror of his life.

"I am much obliged to you, sir," said Hugh, politely. "Hold on, I will be alongside directly."

He skilfully guided the boat close up to the lower point of the rock, and Percy stumbled rather than stepped into it, dropping like a huge rag-doll upon the seat.

"I hope you are not very wet, uncle dear," said Pennie, sweetly. "We hadn't the least idea the tide was rising so fast when we went to get some of those beautiful star-fish for my aquarium."

Pennie might have spoken the truth so far as regarded herself; but Percy knew from the twinkle in Hugh Barton's eye that he at least had not been so very innocent of all cognizance of the affair.

The homeward voyage was very silent.

Pennie and Hugh were too happy to talk—Percy too miserable, what with wet feet, acute twinges of rheumatism, and sharp consciousness of defeat.

Charles Allston met them at the hotel; but Charles Allston's day and generation were over.

"It's no use, Charley," said Percy, dolefully. "I have promised her to Hugh Barton."

For Hugh had won the victory, and Pennie's slender forefinger already wore the diamond which proclaimed to all the world her happy engagement.

Youth had outgeneralled age.

Cupid had won the day.

Pride and its Fall.

BY BLAKE PAXSON.

MRS. ST. SYMINGTON'S magnificent drawing-room flooded with light from the glittering chandeliers; furniture of soft, mossy plush, the color of the heart of a May rose; soft sounds of a fountain splashing in the conservatory, and sweet, delicious perfumes exhaling from aisles of rare exotics and tropical pines.

That was the scene that wild night, when the storm beat without, and cold and misery and want stalked, a grim triumvirate.

Little Bertha Agincourt nestled further down among the soft cushions of the easy chair she had found wheeled in front of the cheery open fire burning so redly behind the polished bars.

A grave-faced girl, shy, blushing and modest, with womanly eyes of tender blue, that mirrored her pure, sweet thoughts as faithfully as a lake set does a flashing sunlight.

A quiet, lonely little creature, only sixteen, who had come from a dear, happy home among the hills to take up the burden of life with brave hands, though weak and all unused to the warfare; with stout heart, for all there were times when it overflowed through the sweet, frank eyes.

She had only been a week at the St. Symington's—only a week away from her widowed mother and the plain little home that was insufficient to give her a living longer.

Only a week, and yet long enough to learn the luxury of plenty and elegance; not long enough to know how miserably inferior she was held to be, with her sweet, gentle ways, the result of innate nobleness, to the large, florid, fashionable daughter of the house of St. Symington—Juanita St. Symington, with her coal-black hair streaming down over her bright silk dress, and her jewels glittering with almost barbaric splendor as she sailed into the drawing-room that stormy night, followed by the portly, less intrusive parent.

Miss Juanita's shimmering trail was sweeping over the Moquet carpet, and ceased its pleasant rustle suddenly as she saw Bertha nestling, all unobservingly, in the sacred precincts of the pink plush chair.

"Mamma did you ever? The idea of her coming in here. Tell her at once what she is to do, will you?"

Mrs. St. Symington shrugged her shoulders just a little deprecatingly.

"Really, I haven't the heart to, Juanita. I can't see what harm there is if the child wants——"

Juanita shot her mother a glance from her black eyes.

"Nonsense, mamma, if you can't see the harm, I can. If you won't tell her to leave, I will."

Like a hawk about to pounce on a dove-cote, Juanita sailed across the room, and looked down at the pretty, bowed head of the girl, as Bertha sat leaning on her elbow, looking into the mass of flame.

"Miss Agincourt, you seem to be ignorance of the fact that this apartment is not intended for the servants. Be so good as to retire to the school-room, your proper place, where it is understood you will pass your evenings in the future. Oh, Dr. Redmond, good evening: how delighted we are to see you."

And Juanita turned coldly away from the mortified girl to greet the handsome gentleman who had been admitted a moment before.

He bowed and took Juanita's extended hand, and then looked interestedly at the sweet, shame-flushed face of the girl who had arisen hastily from the easy chair.

"You comprehend, Miss Agincourt?"

Juanita's imperious voice partly arrested the flying footsteps, and a confused unintelligible answer came in a low, hurried tone as Bertha disappeared.

"Such impudence! the next thing, I presume, cook and mamma's waiting-maid will be coming in when they're tired. Dr. Redmond, have you heard 'The Milkmaid's Marriage Song?'"

And while the graceful fingers went flashing over the piano, and the clear, strong voice rose in the witching chorus of the ballad and Guy Redmond listened gravely, little Bertha was crouching on the floor in her own dull room, crying as if her little heart would break.

"I'll never stay here, never. I'll be a nursery maid or a kitchen maid before I'll stay here and be insulted by Juanita St. Symington—insulted because I went into the drawing-room. If I am not good enough to sit in there, am I fit to teach little Waldberry his letters?"

Poor, innocent, ignorant child, she had yet to learn that this was a very queer world.

* * * * * *

"A young lady, Rose?"

Dr. Guy Redmond looked up from a ponderous volume of medical lore he was studying.

His grave, thoughtful face showed its strength and beauty as the full glare of the light fell on it.

"A young lady, Mr. Guy. Leastways, a lady, anyhow, young or old. She's all so bundled up you can't scarcely see her."

Dr. Redmond arose as the servant disappeared, and went into his consulting room, where a sweet, low voice addressed him as he closed the door.

"You are Dr. Redmond?"

He bowed and took his customary seat.

"I am troubled about my throat, Dr. Redmond, and as my living depends upon my voice, I am more than anxious to know if I am seriously threatened."

He listened, as if half familiar with her tone, her face, then the momentary personal interest merged into customary professional solicitude.

"You are a singer then? Tell me the symptoms, please."

"Oh, no, I cannot sing, but I use my voice almost as much as if I were. I am a teacher—I used to be nursery governess in Mrs. St. Symington's family, and I came to you because once I saw you there."

A sudden remembrance rushed over him.

Now he knew the cause of that sad, momentary, half recognition.

And this was the pretty, startled little girl, whose blue eyes and sweet, drooping mouth had haunted him for months after

he had seen and pitied her in her confusion, that January night a year ago almost.

Involuntarily Dr. Redman smiled.

"I remember, Miss Agincourt. And now you are teaching."

She smiled in answer to his courteous, friendly way.

"Teaching—and very hoarse at times, with a continuous aching sensation in my throat, and a tendency to cough."

Her accurate description of symptoms at once turned the current of conversation, and when, twenty minutes later, Bertha Agincourt left with a tiny package of powders in her muff, it was with a new, strange light shining in her eyes.

"How good he is; how like a friend I have always known."

While Guy Redmond's brown eyes watched the slight, graceful figure pass the window.

"Poor child! In six months she will not speak above a whisper for all future time. I wonder what she'll do?"

Gradually the acquaintance, at first purely professional, ripened into personal friendship, then into warmer interest, until, on the day when Bertha heard her fate from Dr. Redmond's kind, pitiful lips, they had grown to be very dear to each other.

"This huskiness permanent—never speak again? Oh, Dr. Redmond, don't tell me that!"

She wailed forth her complaint piteously, as she listened, with blanched cheeks and quivering lips.

"You know that I have done all that lies in human power to do, Bertha. You how very much it hurts me to see you take it so to heart, child, and yet for all I am not sorry."

He was looking eagerly at her.

"Not sorry! Not sorry that I am worse than useless until I can learn another way of earning my bread? Oh, Doctor, I thought—I thought——"

He had both her rebellious little hands in his now, and was half smiling in her tearful face.

"You thought what, Bertha? I know you never have thought what I have—what I am thinking now—what a darling little wife you are going to be for me. You will be, won't you, dear?"

His wooing was quiet, but so intense that its very solemnity startled her.

His wife!

She his wife!

Her eyes filled with tears.

"Oh, Dr. Redmond!"

"Never but Guy in the future, Bertha. Kiss me, darling, and tell me you do not regret giving up your school to teach me how to be a better man. Little Bertha, I will make you very happy if I may. May I?"

And her breath was almost hushed with ecstasy.

She accepted.

The haven of happiness she had dreamed of, she had never dared think would be her own.

* * * * * *

"You will go down to dinner then to-day, dear? If you knew how much better you were looking, and how Bertha and Ora are clamoring for you."

Dr. Redmond fondly caressed the delicate cheek of his wife as she leaned against the cushions of the large easy chair, pretty, fair as five years ago when she had married him.

She smiled, as if in indulgence of his proud tenderness, and then said, somewhat archly:

"I wonder whether the children or papa is most anxious I should go down? Confess now, Guy, you begin to be just a little jealous of this stranger's monopoly of my time."

She touched the pink palm of a wee baby lying cradled in a low-canopied crib at her side, and spoke in a low, hushed whisper, that had grown to be very sweet and melodious to her husband's ears, that other people thought a dreadful affliction, while they wondered how Mrs. Redmond bore it so well.

The doctor leaned over and kissed his boy, then the mother.

"I do not think even young Guy could make me jealous, but I want you down stairs to-day.

"Among other reasons, it is time you made the acquaintance of the nursery-maid, who came the day baby did.

"I haven't seen her once, and I'm sure if it hadn't been for cousin Annie's attention, Mrs. Greyson—that's her name—would have been miserably lonesome."

"Annie is always good, and I'll go down, dear, if you think it best, and make the poor woman as comfortable as I can, although I really think you ought to have seen her."

Doctor Redmond shrugged his broad, fine shoulders.

"If you knew how busy I've been, and how miserably hidden the lady keeps herself, you would not think so. Then, we'll see you at two, the smart, pretty house-mother as usual."

It was one when Mrs. Redmond went down stairs, the very idol of a dainty, high-bred lady, in her elegant invalid costume, and surrounded on every side by all the luxuries money or taste could possibly provide.

Bertha and Ora, her little daughters, came almost flying to meet her as she entered the nursery, on a visit preparatory to dinner.

A tall, plainly-dressed woman arose to check their exuberant delight.

"Children, don't——"

She stopped, stared at the mother, and gasped:

"Good Heaven!—and are you Mrs. Redmond?"

And, with pale face and startled look, she drew back. Bertha smiled and bowed.

"I am Mrs. Redmond, Mrs. Greyson. If you know me, you have the advantage, although——"

She paused, and the color flew to her pale cheeks.

Her voice, soft and low, trembled, as she exclaimed:

"It cannot be that you are Miss St. Symington?"

"Yes, Juniata St. Symington, who drove you out of her mother's drawing-room, because you were nobody but a nursery-governess. Mrs. Redmond, this——"

She almost gasped the words in her painful suspense and bitter remembrance, and could go no further.

Bertha laid her fair, white hand on the woman's arm.

A sweet smile passed over her pale face as she looked into the eyes of her companion, and said:

"Try to forget whatever happened unpleasant. Remember that this is truly your home, Mrs. Greyson, where you will be received and treated as an equal by myself, husband and guests. And now, are you ready for dinner? The bell will ring very soon."

So, like coals of fire was Bertha's mercy, her sweet, tender womanliness, on Juniata St. Symington's head, while among the bitterest drops in Mrs. Greyson's cup is the belief that by her own hand she made all the happiness of Mrs. Redmond's life, a happiness she had often hoped for herself, but that, with many other good things, had been denied her, since the day when Fate took Fortune in hand, and banished her from the home where Bertha Agincourt's destiny began to shape its course.

Her Influence.

BY HARTLEY RICHARDS.

JULIUS MAY was a lawyer—that is, he was going to be one.

At first the prospect had been pleasant enough to him, but a course of winter amusements must have some effect upon a young man, and the effect in Mr. May's case had not been, in a legal sense, satisfactory.

His little fortune was rapidly disappearing, and at last it was scarcely worth counting as a means toward the desired results.

What must he do?

He had asked himself this question almost every hour lately, and had never got but one answer—

"Marry!"

At first he had met the suggestion with a negative shrug, and a muttered "Nonsense!" but it had come back every time with a more persuasive appearance.

Finally, one windy night in March, he determined to devote an hour or two to a serious consideration of his chances in the matrimonial market.

After a careful and honest review, he was compelled to admit that among all the rich and splendid girls whom he had habitually spoken of as crazy about him only two were likely to be crazy enough to entertain the thought of marrying him—pretty little Bessie Bell and the exceedingly clever Nora Clair; he was quite sure both of these lovely creatures adored him.

The only point to settle was, which he liked best, or rather, which it would be best for him personally and commercially to choose.

Bessie was the only child of a rich widow who lived in excellent style, and who was perfect mistress of her income.

She was a sweet, dainty little blonde, always irreproachably stylish in dress, always ready to dimple into smiles, and never at a loss for the most agreeable thing to say.

Nora was a close friend of Bessie's, but in all respects a contrast.

She was no tenderly-nurtured heiress, but a poor, brave girl, who had by the force of intellect, study and hard work, gained an enviable position in the literary world.

Her income from her writings was very handsome.

She visited in the most aristocratic circles.

She was charming in person and manners, and dressed like the rest of the fashionable world.

But then Julius felt that in every sense she would not only be the "better half," but probably the four-fourths of the house; and that his personality would sink simply into "Mrs. May's husband."

So Bessie won the decision, and he determined to offer Miss Bell his handsome person.

For, to tell the truth, he was a handsome fellow.

If this workaday world had only been a great drawing-room, with theatrical alcoves and musical conservatories, why, then Mr. Julius May would have been no undesirable companion in it.

He rang at Mrs. Bell's door.

Before the footman could open it, a gentleman came quickly out, threw himself into Mrs. Bell's carriage, and, in a voice of authority, ordered the coachman to drive to the docks.

The incident scarcely attracted his attention until, upon entering the parlor, he saw pretty Bessie watching the disappearing vehicle with tearful eyes.

She glided into her usual beaming, pretty manner.

Very soon Mrs. Bell came in and asked him to remain to dinner.

After dinner, Mrs. Bell's clergyman called about some of the church charities, and as the young people were singing, they went into the library to discuss them.

Now was the golden moment, and Julius was not afraid to seize it.

What do men say on such occasions?

Do they ever say what they intend to?

Do they remember what they say?

I don't believe Julius did.

Before he had done—right in the middle of a most eloquent sentence—Bessie laid her hand on his with a frightened little movement, saying—

"Mr. May, please, sir, please do stop. Surely you know that I have been engaged ever since I was sixteen to Professor Mark Tyler. Everybody knows it—we had a betrothal party—he is just gone abroad for six months, that is what I was crying about; why, all our set knew about it, though he has been away for nearly two years. Mamma said we were to wait until I was twenty-one, but I love him just the same—and I am quite sure I never did anything to make you think I could care for you in this way, Mr. May."

And Bessie looked just a little bit indignant.

"I have had the honor, Miss Bell, of being your escort all the winter."

"Oh, dear! Did you think I was going to marry you for that?

"In all our pleasant little dinners, and drives, and dances, is there matrimonial speculation? That would, indeed, be dreadful!

"She loved the professor too truly; she had been simply pleasant and friendly to him as she had been to all other gentlemen friends who, however, had too much sense and modesty to misconstrue her kindness."

Then she went to the aviary, and began cooing to her birds.

Julius hardly remembered what passed afterwards, except that he received a cool, courteous "Good night, sir," in answer to his "Farewell," and that he found himself in a very unenviable state of mind.

To this speedily succeeded the thought of Nora.

He must see her to-night.

To-morrow Bessie would give her own version of his conduct, and then—well, he would not acknowledge that that could make any difference in Nora's liking for him.

"And yet," he thought, "women are such uncertain creatures."

Where his own interests were concerned, Julius was not wanting in a certain strength and decision of character, and in less than an hour after his rejection by Bessie Bell, he had so far composed and encouraged himself as to determine upon a visit to Nora, though whether he should offer himself to her or not, was a point he left to the development of circumstances.

He found Nora at home, and, moreover, she seemed disposed to welcome him with extra cordiality.

He noted with a fresh admiration the refined and cultured aspect of the room—the rich silk and lace that robed the lithe, graceful figure of Nora.

All these things had a fresh and delightful charm in them.

He soon drifted the conversation towards Bessie.

"Would she be married when the professor returned from abroad?"

"Oh, dear, no! No until she is twenty-one."

"Is it not rather a mesalliance?" he questioned.

Nora's eyes flashed and grew dangerously bright.

"Certainly not. Professor Mark Tyler was a man of world-wide fame. It was an honor for Bessie to be loved by such a great soul."

"Ah, indeed, he had not thought of it in that light. People usually spoke of a mesalliance with regard to money affairs."

"Yes, I know," replied Nora; "and just there they are frightfully wrong; there are worse mesalliances than disparities of fortune, but, however, here there was none of any kind: the professor had found chemistry a sufficiently rich alembic, with a residuum admitting of no kind of doubt whatever."

"Will you be glad when he marries?" he asked.

"Very."

"Yet you will lose your friend."

"By no means. She will remain at home, and the professor and I are very old friends; he knew me when I was a little girl."

"Indeed. Perhaps you may marry before Miss Bell?"

"Perhaps so. I have no particular specific against doing such a thing eventually; but I am quite sure I shall not do so immediately."

"Why not?"

"Because I cannot afford it. I am one of those women who would be likely to make a mesalliance—in money matters—and I repeat, I cannot afford it just yet. I have at present another extravagance before me, far better than a husband."

"I should like very much to know what it is?"

"A foreign tour, with perhaps a peep at the Pyramids, and a ramble about old Jerusalem."

"Oh, dear," said Julius, in a tone half serious, half mocking. "I should have no chance, I suppose, against such a great temptation?"

"None whatever."

And though she kept up the bantering tone, it was quite evident to Julius that if asked her in sober earnest, she would answer just the same with a slightly different accent.

But Nora, with a woman's ready tact, turned the conversation, and gradually led it into a very unusual and practical channel—the nobility and the necessity of labor.

The glowing thoughts, the plain, yet hopeful truths that fair young woman uttered, Julius heard for the first time in his life that night.

Never before had he realized the profit and the deep delight which might spring—and only spring—from an honest career, no matter how humble or laborious, if it was steadily pursued until success crowned it.

She hid none of her own early mistakes and struggles, and then alluding to her assured position and comfort, asked Julius—"how he supposed she had won it?"

"By your genius," he said, admiringly.

"Not so, sir; but by simple, persevering, conscientious labor in the path I had marked out for myself. Therefore," she said, with a bright, imperative face, "go home to-night, Mr. May, choose what particular form of law you will study, throw yourself with all your capacities into that one subject, and success is sure to come. Depend upon it, the world is not far wrong in making success the test of merit."

"You have made a new man of me, Miss Clair," said Julius enthusiastically. "When I have proved this may I come in and see you again?"

He had risen to go, and they stood with clasped hands.

"Then you may come again," she said, averting her face.

Nothing more was said, but they quite understood each other, and Julius went out into the clear starlit night, determined to make himself worthy of a good woman's acceptance, before he would offer himself again.

Next evening, Bessie and Nora sat in the firelight, sipping their after-dinner coffee.

It was an hour for confidence, and Bessie said, rather sadly—

"Poor Julius May—he asked me to marry him last night."

Nora turned quickly, but said nothing.

"That is, he wanted to marry my money. Everybody knows that if he loves anybody really, it is you, Nora."

"He called on me, too, last night," said Nora, "and I saw he was in trouble, so I gave him something to do. Nothing like that old old gospel of work when you're in trouble. When he had done, I told him he might come and see me again."

"Surely you would never marry him. You will just have him to dress and take care of," said Bessie.

"All men need women to care for them; else why were women made? But I think Julius will do very well yet. These elegant carpet-knights sometimes don armor and take the world by surprise."

"Not often," laughed Bessie.

"Remember how our country's 'curled darlings' stormed the Malakoff and battered down Sebastopol. I am going to trust Julius May for a year or two; I think he'll do."

"We shall see."

"Yes, no doubt we shall see. Time proves all things."

Time proved in this case what has often been asserted, "that every woman influences every man she comes in contact with, either for good or bad."

Julius went steadily to work, used with economy the remains of his patrimony, became known among lawyers as a hard-reading, clear-headed, steady young man, and in a little more than two years he ventured to call again on Nora Clair and ask her a certain question, to which she answered, with pride and confidence—

"Yes."

Another evening Bessie and Nora sat sipping their coffee together in the gloaming of an early summer evening.

"Bessie," said Nora, "Julius May asked me last night to marry him."

"Going to do so, Nora?"

"Yes, dear, I am going to take care of him, and he is going to take care of me."

"That is all right, I suppose."

"Yes. I am quite sure it couldn't be better."

Both girls sat silent a while, and then Nora said, sadly—

"I have been wondering how many bad husbands might have been good ones, did women always use their influences for noble ends. There ought to be a saving power in love, if it is true love, and there is, for I have proved it; and what I have done other women can do also."

God grant that in the larger liberty to which woman aspires, she may consider how vast a power is her influence, and use it only for gracious ends.

WATER CURTAINS.—A water curtain has been established at the Opera House in Munich, to guard against fire. It consists of a wide, thin stream continuously poured from the top of the stage between the acts, completely enclosing the stage in a transparent curtain, and it was owing to this precaution that a recent fire which broke out during the performance of "Tannhauser" was checked immediately. The Vienna Opera has been fitted with a similar apparatus, as the Viennese authorities, taught by sad experience, are just now most vigilant in these matters, and have appointed a special commission to superintend all the Austrian theatres. This commission decrees that in future every house of entertainment is to be entirely detached on all four sides, and to be fifty feet from any other building.

PAPER SOAP.—The latest novelty in New York is paper soap, which is mainly for the use of travelers. The sheets of paper, which are put up in the form of a small book of about three inches square, are coated with soap, and are said to be just as good as the regulation article, in addition to being much handier. There are fifty soap sheets in each book, costing in the aggregate about as much as an ordinary cake of soap.

Borne for Years.

BY JOHN J. M'COY.

I WAS just twenty-five when I first met Alice Thorne, the daughter and heiress of George Thorne the banker.

I fell desperately in love with the charming girl, knowing well that such love was utter madness.

Her father was reported to be a very proud, ambitious man, who would look high for a son-in-law.

I felt he would not so much as give a hearing to my suit; and, as to winning her without his consent, what would that bring to her but misery?

I had nothing with which to repay or compensate her for the sacrifice of a marriage with my poverty.

So we bade good-bye without a word of explanation, though I knew she read the anguish in my heart, and the tears were in the soft eyes averted from me. I kissed the trembling hand she placed in mine, and turned away and bade farewell to her and my hopes together.

Scarcely had I got back to town, and was striving earnestly to drown vain regrets in the bustle and interest of business, when a terrible misfortune fell upon me.

Mr. Overton had given me a check for $20,000, desiring me to go to the bank and get it cashed.

Having executed the commission and returned, imagine my horror on discovering that the pocketbook containing the money was gone.

Whether stolen by villains or lost by my own carelessness, what mattered it? It was gone, and I utterly ruined.

What I suffered the next few hours God only knows; and when after being dismissed I returned to my own room, I was nearly desperate.

Not only had I lost a lucrative position, but my future appeared to be irretrievably blasted, for there are suspicions which are as fatal to a man morally as would be physically the wound of a rifle ball.

But I was young and of a hopeful nature, and I began to realize that I had been leniently dealt with.

On recalling all that had happened after my leaving the bank, and the utter impossibility of the pocketbook being taken from the breast-pocket of my coat, I came to the conclusion that I must have dropped it, and thereupon I resolved to have recourse to all means in my power to recover the money.

I had saved during the past few years a considerable portion of my salary, and determined to devote it to the purpose I had in view.

I advertised daily in all the prominent journals, not offering the customary reward but describing my unfortunate position, my honor lost, and my fortune blasted.

For two weeks I kept my loss before the public, and almost began to despair of any favorable result when, one morning, a stranger came to me—a tall, dark, stern-looking man who regarded me with a pair of kindly brown eyes that had something familiar about them.

The stranger declined the seat I offered him, and began at once speaking brusquely and to the point.

"I have heard of your loss," he said. "I have read your advertisement in the papers and I feel deeply interested in and for you. I have just left your late employers, and after the satisfactory manner in which all my questions were answered, I become your surety for the $20,000."

"What?"

I sprang towards him in the wildest excitement.

"Oh, sir," I began, but he soon stopped me.

"Let me finish," he said. "I've done this because I am convinced that you are an upright, honest man, and the greatest proof of my confidence I can give you is that I am about to offer you the position of cashier in my banking-house. My name, sir, is George Thorne."

George Thorne, the father of Alice, the girl I loved!

Ah, the mystery was solved!

It was of her his eyes had reminded me; it was to her I was indebted for this help.

* * * * * * * *

Fifteen years had flown since I had lost the pocketbook.

I had now become a prosperous man, surrounded by all the luxuries which wealth affords.

I had found in Mr. Thorne more than a patron; I found a friend.

Under a brusque manner he had a heart of gold.

From the first day of our acquaintance he had evinced toward me the liveliest interest and affection.

I was soon made partner, and when, on a certain blessed day, I became the husband of Alice and his son-in-law, he presented me with a receipt for the $20,000 that he had paid to the Messrs. Overton for my loss.

So time went on.

The banking-house known as the firm of Thorne & Wallace was then in a thriving condition.

I had a beautiful wife and two lovely children, and yet, with all these sources of happiness, I was not quite contented; there was a crease in the rose leaf.

About this time Dr. Penard, one of Mr. Thorne's most intimate friends, arrived in New York, and one morning while sitting at breakfast expressed great surprise at the numerous advertisements in the papers relating to money lost and found.

"Well," said he, "I have not the least sympathy for those who lose money. They are generally careless, stupid people not fit to be trusted; although I remember having heard of a young man who lost a pocket-book some years ago containing $20,000 and I declare when I read his piteous appeals, which were in all the papers, my heart fairly ached for him.

"But," continued he, addressing my father-in-law, who had become very pale, "you ought to remember the circumstances for it occurred just at the time of the great failure in Philadelphia, by which you were so heavy a loser."

"Yes, I recollect the affair," replied Mr. Thorne, who appeared to be suffering.

"I never heard," continued the doctor, "what became of the poor devil, and yet I should like to know."

"Should you?" said I laughing; "then let me gratify your curiosity.

"I, Arthur Wallace, am that poor devil, doctor; saved from ruin and despair by my benefactor here.

And then I related all the events of the last fifteen years.

The doctor sprang to his feet and grasped his old friend's hand.

"Well and generously done," said he, but Mr. Thorne interrupted him.

"I am not well," he said, faintly. "I suffer greatly—let me go to my room."

The next day he sent for me to his private office.

I found him looking very pale and haggard.

"Sit down, my dear Arthur," said he, in a low voice, "and listen to me. For a long time I have had a confession to make to you, one that weighs on me so heavily that I must ease my conscience of its load. I can better bear to do so now, that I have, in a measure, made some amends for the trouble I have caused you."

"Oh, it is true you caused me!" cried I. "You have been the most generous of men to me. It is through your kindness I occupy my present position; it is to you I owe my happiness, and, more than all, my honor."

Mr. Thorne opened his desk and took from it a pocketbook.

"Do you remember this?" said he, as he placed it in my hand.

"Yes," replied I, "it is the one I lost; but how——"

I could not finish my question. The truth stared me in the face. I sprang to my feet in dismay.

"Great heavens!" I cried, "you found the money."

"I did," and kept it," he groaned, with anguish in his voice.

"But oh! do not condemn without hearing me.

"Yesterday you heard Dr. Penard allude to the great losses I had sustained by the failure in Philadelphia.

"I did not dare to make my embarrassment known, as that would have hastened my ruin—my ruin!

"God knows it was not for myself that I cared, but for Alice, my darling child. It was on the 14th of December that you lost the money. Oh! I shall never forget the date.

"It was on that day that I meditated suicide.

"I was short $20,000 to meet my liabilities that morning on the 15th.

"I was overwhelmed with despair; the air of the office seemed to stifle me, and I rushed into the street.

"I had hardly gone ten yards when my foot struck something. It was your pocket-book.

"I opened it, and the sight made me giddy and faint.

"The next day I satisfied all claims upon me.

"To the world I was George Thorne, an honest, upright man, to myself I was nothing better than a malefactor.

"You know the rest. Say, my son, can you forgive my crime?"

Could I forgive? I looked at the pallid face, anguished eyes.

What was my suffering of those terrible weeks compared to the secret pain and shame this man had borne for years? this man, the victim of one solitary deviation from rectitude, so upright in all else, and whose life since had been one long atonement! I grasped his hand; tears filled my eyes.

"Father!" I cried, "Alice's father and mine, all is forgiven, forgotten. Do I not owe all the happiness of my life to that same pocketbook?"

"It Has Made a New Man of Him."

So writes the wife of Rev. Dr. Staples, of New Canaan, Conn., in a communication to the *Methodist Protestant*, Baltimore, Md. Mrs. Staples says:

"My husband has for the last year and a half been afflicted with that troublesome disease Malaria, attended also with Catarrh, which was rapidly growing upon him. He was so feeble at the session of our 'Conference' that he thought a week or two previous he would not be able to attend. He commenced inhaling Compound Oxygen, and put himself fully under the Treatment at our request, the week before the Conference, and it is astonishing to see its effects. It was almost immediately manifest in an increase of appetite, which had been scarce sufficient to sustain him. He is gradually increasing in strength and vitality. In fact it has made a new man of him."

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THE MOTHER-IN-LAW.

Since Noah landed with his ark,
Alas! I've been the patient mark
For witticisms coarse and dark
From pen and tongue,
And since the paragrapher rose
I've been a stranger to repose—
My looks, complexion, gait and clothes
Have all been sung.

No word for all the good I've done—
Of patient toil from sun to sun,
To help two grooms just begun
A new career,
And what a husband! What a bride!
She boils the fish that should be fried,
And looks so bad she runs to hide
When friends appear

The drinking husband cannot bear
His "wife's old mother sponging there;"
He quite forgot her tender care
When down with fever:
And while she meets his many needs,
His causes for late hours she reads
In the smell of clover and cardamon seeds
That don't deceive her.

The paragraphers—heavy wits (?)—
Have but two themes for all their hits,
The mule and mother-in-law; and its
An easy matter
To see that, as they are related
Unto the first, they've rather hated
To wound him, and discriminated
Against the latter.

—WEAVER.

Humorous.

A plucky job—Preparing the goose.

A stirring speech—Pass me a spoon.

Why are the tallest people the laziest? Because they are in bed the longest.

What part of an old lady's attire most resembles a solitary person? Her mitts.

What represents company, avoids company, and calls company? Co-nun-drum.

If you want to make a dude mad, ask him at which mi8t store he bought his clothes.

What is that which is too much for one, enough for two, and nothing for three? A secret.

There is a great similarity between lilies and dead cats, in that they should both be planted deep.

Why are seeds after being sown like gate-posts? Because they are planted in the earth to prop-a-gate

What comes once in a minute, twice in a moment, and once in a man's life? The letter M, of course.

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FOR THE CURE OF ALL

Chronic Diseases, Scrotula, Consumption Glandular Disease, Ulcers, Chronic Rheumatism, Erysipelas, Kidney, Bladder and Liver Complaints, Dyspepsia, Affections of the Lungs and Throat.

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After a few days use of the Sarsaparillian Resolvent the [illegible], skin eruptions are removed, sores and ulcers [illegible]. Persons suffering from scrofula, erysipelas, [illegible], sores, ears, legs, throat and [illegible] glands, or any form of blood disease, or from the effects of [illegible] or mercury, or from the use of [illegible] sublimate, may rely upon a cure if the Sarsaparillian Resolvent is continued a sufficient time to make [illegible] the system.

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Our Young Folks.

THE WISHING WELL.

BY HARTLEY RICHARDS.

"LOOK, Roger," said Madge, "look out at once. Did you ever see such a strange lot of people together?

"Here are lame men, blind men, deformed men, beggars of every description, and a crowd of ragged little boys!

"Where can they be going, and what is it they are singing? Let us go and find out what it means."

So Roger and Madge set out at full speed, and when they got near the procession they found all the people were singing the same song, over and over again, and it seemed to run like this:

"On we go to the Wishing Well,
The Wishing Well, the Wishing Well!
Gifted with some strange magic spell,
With power to give or to withhold
Good gifts alike for young or old;
Speed we then our wants to tell.
Haste then, haste, to the Wishing Well—
The Wishing Well!"

"Hurrah!" shouted Madge.

"Hurrah!" cried Roger.

And away they both started in the rear of the procession.

Very soon they were joining in the song, and feeling as eager as the rest to reach the Wishing Well.

On went the throng, through fields, lanes and village streets, and whenever a house was passed, out came the people to see what was the matter.

And those who stood still and listened, were sure to follow. The crowd grew long, themselves taking up the refrain, and singing:

"Haste, then, haste to the Wishing Well—
The Wishing Well in Fairy Dell,
The Wishing Well!"

Amongst the rest came three little girls carrying wooden dolls, and a girl in a broad brimmed straw hat, driving a goat that ran upon wheels.

And these four at once made friends with Roger and Madge, and hurried along by their side.

One strange thing about the procession was that nothing seemed able to interfere with its progress.

Thick woods did not delay it a bit; it went up steep hills just as easily as it went down them, although it numbered so many lame men and little children.

Roger and Madge couldn't understand how it was, and they didn't hear what a wise old man remarked, as the crowd passed him:

"They press on far beyond their strength,
Because the goal seems fair and bright,
They'll find out their mistake at length,
And own I'm right."

At last, just as the procession had arrived at the top of a hill, it was met by a small boy, dressed in velvet, and wearing a broad white collar, who bowed, and said, in a grand tone:

"This way, my lords and ladies! This way to the world-renowned Wishing Well! This way to the guardian of the Fairy Dell, His Excellency, Givuall Whatuwish.

"This way, this way, if you would taste
Of good things without measure;
To have your wish sped on with haste—"

And then he muttered, though in an undertone:

"And you'll repent at leisure."

After this he led the way towards a small wicket gate, lower down the hill, and all the people followed, still singing.

At the gate there was a halt, while the guide knocked mysteriously for several moments, and cried:

"Open gate,
Let us through!
We would speed
Wishes true!
Open then, and let us through!

[illegible]
Open, then, without delay!"

Then a voice coming from behind the gate replied:

"Tell me truly, know they all
What the fate that must befall
Those who come their wants to tell
To the guardian of the Well?"

To which the boy answered:

"Yes, they know, every one,
And their fate they will not shun."

Then the gate swung back on its hinges and as the procession poured through, and passed down a beautiful dell, full of lovely trees, flowers, ferns and mosses. There was also heard in the crowd faint voices, something like the sighing of the summer wind, and those who listened intently, heard this warning:

"Beware, beware, all ye who come;
Wish not, want not, but be dumb!
Danger lurk in Fairy Dell—
What they are we may not tell.

Strange to say, however, scarcely any one heeded the voices.

But all pressed on, to the bottom of the dell, where was a little house.

Here the procession halted, and they all became more joyful as they sang:

"Here we are at the Wishing Well,
The Wishing Well, the Wishing Well!
The Well that lies in Fairy Dell,
Gifted with some strange magic spell,
With power to give or to withhold
Good gifts alike for young or old;
Speed we in our wants to tell
For here we are at the Wishing Well—
The Wishing Well in Fairy Dell,
The Wishing Well.

Then the door of the house was opened, and they all passed through in groups, and so at last reached the wonderful Wishing Well.

This well was shut in on every side but one with blocks of crystal and marble, studded with jewels of every hue, and the water was as pure as light.

Facing the visitors as they came through the house was a marble slab, on which was written, in gold letters:

"[illegible] child or man!
What [illegible]
[illegible]
Be it good or bad for you."

By the side of the well stood an old man with a long beard and piercing black eyes, with a wand in his hand.

And to him each new arrival was introduced by the little boy who had acted as guide, the words being the same in every case:

"My lord, or my lady, permit me to introduce you to His Excellency Givuall Whatuwish."

Then His Excellency said to each in turn:

"Look and wish!"

And each looked into the well, wished, and passed out another way, with this rhyme ringing in their ears:

"Be wise, be wise, if wise you may,
With the gift that's yours to-day.

Roger, Madge, the three little girls, and the girl in the broad-brimmed straw hat passed along together until they came to the well.

There each wished in turn, and they met again at the other end of the dell.

"We've wished our dolls could talk," said the three little girls.

"I've wished my goat could run," said the little girl with the broad-brimmed straw hat.

"We've wished that we and all the other children in our village may never have to go to school any more," said Roger and Madge together.

"I've wished that I could see," said the blind man, as he passed them.

"I've wished that I could walk," said the lame man.

"And I've wished I was rich," said a poor beggar.

And the wishes were granted, but the consequences that followed were not quite what had been expected.

For the three little girls found that their dolls could talk, indeed, but they would only say unkind and unpleasant things about their mistresses and other people they spoke of.

Moreover, they repeated all they heard, and just when they were not wanted to do so.

So, as you may suppose, they were disagreeable companions, and ere long they were put in the store-room.

But even there they continued to chatter, and made such a noise that no one could sleep in the house, and so they had to be destroyed.

And the goat on wheels ran away with the little girl in the broad-brimmed straw hat, and neither of them were ever seen again.

And the blind man had his sight restored to him suddenly, and saw how those whom he had loved and trusted stole his goods and laughed at his infirmity, and did for him only what they were obliged to do, and this only because they were paid for their labor.

He was one of those who had heard the voices of the fairies in the dell singing:

"Beware, beware, all ye who come;
Wish not [illegible]
[illegible]
What they are we may not tell.

And already he repented, and wished that he were blind once more, with his faith in his fellow-creatures again restored to him.

But it was too late.

And the lame man found that he could run and walk again, and at first he was happy.

But as he was getting old, and never having worked for his living, he was lazy and ignorant.

When those who supported him in the past refused to do so any longer, seeing that he was restored to strength and usefulness, he could get no work to do.

So he became poorer and poorer, until starvation drove him into the workhouse, and he too wished that he had never heard of the Wishing Well, or that he had not been so foolish as to go there.

And the poor man found that for the first time in his life he had more money than he knew what to do with—that he was in fact, rolling in wealth.

But then he had no one in all the world to love him, and he soon found that his so-called friends cared not for him, but for his wealth, and this made him unhappy and wretched.

And he never went to bed without fancying that his house would be broken into and that his money would be stolen; and this added to his misery.

So he he, too, at last regretted that his wish had been gratified.

And Roger and Madge went back to their village, and there was no more school for them or for the other children, and they had only to amuse themselves.

But, strange to say, they found no pleasure in their games.

If they played ball, everything seemed to go wrong.

If they fished, they didn't even get a bite.

If they had playthings, they were broken into pieces at once.

One day, when they had been fishing all the morning, and had not even had a sign of a bite, they formed a deputation to their schoolmaster, who was a noted old fisherman.

And Roger was deputed to ask his advice in the following rhyme, the joint composition of the children:

"You are old, Father William, so it is said,
And, of course, since you're old, you are wise;
Pray tell us at once—no, don't shake your head—
How to catch fish of wonderful size."

As Roger asked the question, chanting it in a low monotone, the other children kept time by beating on the floor with the soles of their shoes.

Then the old schoolmaster looked at them, with a twinkle in his eye, and replied in the same strain:

"In the days of my youth to the river I hied,
And my cunning was ne'er known to fail,
But now, for a fish, why, good-bye to my pride,
I just drop some salt on his tail."

"No, no, little friends," he continued, "you wanted to be free of my teaching, and you shall be; I can't give you advice now about your games. So you must all run away."

And so it was that in that village all the boys and boys grew up dunces—such stupid, ignorant men and women that they could hardly earn bread.

And the place is called Duncedom to this day.

And as to the rest of the men, women, and children who flocked to the Wishing Well, what happened to them?

This—that every one of them repented, and wished that he had not had his wish gratified.

But, of course, it was too late.

And out of all that vast crowd only one or two wished wisely, desiring good gifts for others rather than for themselves, and they alone were happy.

For it is no easy thing to wish wisely, and, after all:

"Wish as wisely as you may,
Content is better every way."

And yet the world has not learned the lesson it ought to have done—indeed, it will perhaps never learn to do so—and still all over the country you may hear the procession passing along, and singing:

"On we go to the Wishing Well,
The Wishing Well, the Wishing Well;
The Well that lies in Fairy Dell,
Gifted with some strange magic spell,
With power to give or to w[illegible]
Good gifts alike for young [illegible]
Speed we then our wants [illegible]
Haste, then, haste to the Wishing Well—
The Wishing Well in Fairy Dell,
The Wishing Well

NAMING STEAMSHIPS.—The Guion line names its vessels after the States and Territories in the Northwest; as, the Wisconsin, Nevada, Arizona, Alaska, and last, but not least, Oregon.

The White Star line selects names for its vessels ending in "ic;" as, the Baltic, Adriatic, and Celtic.

The Cunard line [illegible] as the Umbria, Servia, Etruria, both [illegible] and Scythia.

The National line [illegible] naming its vessels for American States, but afterwards changed the names to [illegible]. The [illegible] sent [illegible] for her [illegible] the Canada, the Pennsylvania; and the [illegible] the Virginia. The Spain, Egypt, and the New America are the "crack" ships of this line.

The Inman line names it vessels after cities; as, the City of Chicago, City of Berlin, and City of Richmond.

The State line adheres to the names of the American States, as the State of Pennsylvania, State of Nebraska, etc.

The New York and Bordeaux line names its vessels after well-known wine chateaux, and the wines furnished on board are bottled at the chateau after which the ship is named.

The Hamburg-American line has a large fleet of vessels, three of which—the Lessing, Gellert, and Wieland—were bought from the Eagle line, and bear the names of German poets.

Of the American lines, the Alexanders Mexican and Havana steamers are named after cities.

The Savannah line selects Indian names.

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NOTHING IS USELESS.

BY MAGGIE BROWNE.

THERE was a lively wrangle amidst the withered forest-leaves.

The day was hot and dry, as every day had been for a month past, and it seemed as though the rain refused to come down just because everything was longing for it.

The leaves on the trees were dreadfully parched, and writhed in the sun, as he tried to suck another drop of sap from their exhausted veins.

When they were full of it they had been glad to give him a drop each day, in exchange for his light and heat.

But now, though they had no more to give, and though they begged him to leave them in the shadow, he went on burning as fiercely as ever.

As for the leaves upon the ground, they lay thousands deep, one above another, and the topmost layers were more parched and dry than the younger generations which waved on the branches above.

But if you had dug down a foot below the surface, where their brothers and sisters of bygone years had crumbled into a black and sweet-smelling mold, you would have found a humid reservoir of life, to which the thirsty sun could not penetrate, though the roots of the oak and elm-trees drank their fill of it continually.

Here, in the cool rootage of a mighty forest, a swarming multitude of Nature's children lived and had their being.

For them the joy and turmoil of existence was never checked.

They felt neither the cruel heat of the sun nor the numbing frosts of winter.

And if they ventured now and then amongst the restless billows of the upper air, it was but to taste the pleasures of adventure for a few hours, and dive again into their home.

It was on an occasion of this kind that the wrangle took place.

A weevil, a centipede, a woodouse, and a brown caterpillar were holding a shrill conversation on the good and bad qualities of the world which they had come out to see.

They had all been there before, except the caterpillar, who had just awoke from what seemed to him to have been a long sleep.

And he was, in fact, no other than a beautiful butterfly, which had flitted in the sunlight when the world was young, and had enjoyed his immortality without knowing it—now as a butterfly, now as an egg, then as a caterpillar, and then as a drowsy pupa, but always the same individual life, never dying and ever renewed.

To him the world was new and glorious.

He did not believe in the dangers of which his companions warned him, and he made up his mind to travel abroad and see all there was to see.

The centipede had been lecturing him on his obstinacy, without any effect, when a gadfly broke into the conversation, taking the caterpillar's part.

"What he says is quite right," buzzed the gadfly. "This is the place for a happy life, here in the free and open air, where every creature can come and go just as he pleases.

"Down there, in the damp and darkness, you poor wingless insects must, indeed, lead a most miserable existence. I would as soon be this piece of stone as the best among you."

Suddenly they heard a quick, whirring of wings.

The gadfly quickly sprang into the air and was about to make off at the top of his speed, when he flew straight into the mouth of a swallow!

"It just served him right!" said the crawling woodouse; "that will teach godless a lesson."

"His wings did not help him much," said the centipede; "I prefer legs for my part."

"And to think of his comparing us with that lifeless stone!" said the weevil. "We can eat, drink, move and sleep; but as for that thing of a stone, it can do nothing at all."

At that moment a woodman, who had been cutting up a large tree in the forest, came by with his heavily-laden cart, and one of his horses, planting his hoof on the stone, sent a shower of sparks upon the leaves around it.

They were just in the humor to give the sparks a warm reception.

Dry and hot from the burning sun, they began to smoulder and smoke.

And pretty soon a puff of wind started them into a flame.

The dead branches that strewed the forest-path at once caught fire, and for many yards round about the trees were scorched and blasted.

It was computed, as the centipede afterwards told his grandchildren, when giving them a narrative of this great calamity, that a hundred thousand lives were sacrificed in the fire.

"Amongst the victims," he said, "were the hot-headed young caterpillar and his unfortunate friend, the weevil, whose ill-omened words about the uselessness of the stone may have had more to do with causing the disaster than anything else.

"Therefore, bear this in mind, and remember it to your dying day, that the powers and uses of things are not always in what you can see, nor in what they possess in common with yourselves. For a stone may burn even a forest, though it has not so much as a leg to stand upon."

Humanity judges humanity by itself.

ALWAYS THE SAME.

How was it? Well, at first he came and went
As others did; he talked to each in turn;
His mind on farming suddenly was bent—
He seemed desirous every way to learn:
He told the boys of every food intent,
Talked with the mother of her patent churn
The flattered father felt himself more wise,
Such growing interest lit the stranger's eyes.

And then, somehow, he always seemed to find
A vacant seat by Lucy; and he took
To holding skeins for her small hands to wind,
Sometimes we caught a shy, admiring look
In his brown eyes, a gesture more than kind
Of his strong hand. One day we found a book,
Gilt-edged and nice, among our Lucy's things—
A new gold band out-shone her other rings.

And soon he lingered by the porch at night,
Forgetful of the summer dews that fell,
While Lucy, with her blue eyes all alight,
Would bring her weary father from the well
A cooling draught; and then as if by right,
He joined her there, there seemed so much to tell
Or hear—it matters little to my rhymes—
Her pitcher overflowed a dozen times.

So things went on, until the mother found
That Lucy, who was such a careful child,
Had thrice forgotten, in her daily round,
To skim the milk, and like a tangled wild
Grew every day her bit of garden ground,
Where once the roses and carnations smiled.
It was the Old, Old Story, and you know
That naught but marriage out of that can grow.

ABOUT CORSETS.

THE fact that so many people are content with the order of things which civilization has decided for them before they were born, may account for their objection to accepting any decided change in manners which concern their own individuality.

"To do as others do"—others being equivalent to the majority of the people—is instinctive with nearly all of us.

Fashion and Mother Grundy have been left to decide our manners, our clothes, the size of our establishments and the number of our servants. And, as a whole, there is not much to grumble at.

Only now that dress reformers and some of the extreme sanitarians are telling us that women's dress is unhealthy, that there is no rhyme or reason why they should wear stays or skirts, and that both are injurious, we naturally begin to wonder why Mother Grundy ever allowed them to be treated as necessities, and why she is now so much opposed to their abolition.

As long ago as the days of the Greeks and Romans, a slight, tapering figure was admired, and stoutness was looked upon as a deformity.

Martial ridiculed fat women, and Ovid puts large waists in the first rank of his remedies against love.

Several means were tried then, as now, not only to restrain an expanding figure, but to enhance the beauties of a very slight one.

Men were as vain as the women, if we are to believe Aristophanes and other writers.

The great comic dramatist mocked his contemporary Cinesias for wearing busks of linden wood; and Capitolinus, in his biography of the Emperor Antony, mentions that he also had recourse to them to compress his swelling figure.

Testimony is conflicting, however. Some contend that the ancients wore veritable corsets, arguing that when Homer, in describing Juno's toilette when she wishes to captivate Jupiter, speaks of the two girdles worn around her waist—the one bordered with gold fringe, the other borrowed from Venus—he was really describing a Greek corset; and that the shield or cuirass of Minerva, which Virgil describes, is to be interpreted in the same manner.

But this view is surely mistaken, for no monument of antiquity, no artistic work, no evidence gleaned from other sources, points to the use of stiff, unyielding whalebone corsets.

Bandages were worn under the empire, such as are shown in the Museum of Antiquities, but when barbarism succeeded the luxurious habits of later Rome, even the bandages were discarded.

The period of transition which then began with the abandoning of all bandages, ended some centuries later in the commencement of the real corset.

At first it was a simple under-bodice, which fitted the body exactly without compressing it.

Then, as Europe gradually emerged from barbarism, and the women became coquettish, tighter-fitting bodices were worn, the waist was compressed, and the upper part of the figure, if we are to accept as correct the portraits of Charles VI.'s Queen Isabeau, very much cut down. Priests and abbots thundered their threats against the practice, but in vain.

The fashion spread rapidly, and at the time of the Renaissance both sexes vied with one another in compressing their figures by the aid of a crude representative of the modern instrument, which was called the corsetus.

That which the men wore was a kind of close-fitting coat, while the women carried very tight bodice of linen next the skin. Neither whalebone, wood, nor steel was, however, employed at that time.

With the advent of Catherine de Medici a new era dawned. She introduced the real whaleboned bodice with a strong busk in front, and her example was soon imitated by all Europe.

Waist-compression increased in spite of the protests of kings and emperors, and the chief ministers and nobles of the land.

This fashion is familiar through the portraits of Queen Elizabeth. Never since armor had been invented, had any stiffer framework for the human body been devised.

The deep-pointed body was as stiff and hard as combined wire, whalebone and steel could make it; and to add to the discomforts which fashion dictated, the neck was likewise supported by a rug not only formed upon an elaborate background of metal and thick wires, but stiffened by the newly-discovered "devil's liquor," starch.

Men were just as vain as women; both squeezed in their waists, and both swelled their garments out below.

Thus, a machine which had begun innocently enough as a tight-fitting bodice, was gradually developed by the addition of busks of wood, of ivory and whalebone, and of sheets and strips of steel, until a veritable armor-like encasing resulted.

These stiff whaleboned corsets lasted throughout all changes of outward attire; they were prominent features of the Restoration fashion and of the Watteau period; but they were banished about the end of the eighteenth century. However, after a little while they appeared again, and have held their ground since.

Grains of Gold.

Striking manners are bad manners.

We rise in glory as we sink in pride.

Patience is bitter but its fruit is sweet.

Silence is the sanctuary of prudence.

I'll bow to virtue, and then walk away.

If everyone mend one, all can be mended.

The proud are ever most provoked by pride.

If you cannot do as well as you wish, do as well as you can.

Men are apt to prefer a prosperous error to an afflicted truth.

Obstinacy and heat in an argument are surest proofs of folly.

How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds makes deeds ill done!

The mind grows narrow in proportion as the soul grows corrupt.

A good part of duty is expressed in the simple imperative, remember.

The best preparation for the future is the present well seen to, the last duty well done.

No principle is more noble, as there is none more holy, than that of a true obedience.

Devote each day to the object then in time, and every evening will find something done.

It is not enough to have reason; it is spoilt, it is dishonored by sustaining a haughty manner.

Mistake not. Those pleasures are not pleasures that trouble the quiet and tranquility of thy life.

Promises made in the time of affliction require a better memory than people commonly possess.

The actions of men are like an index of a book; they point out what is most remarkable in them.

Passionate persons are like men who stand upon their heads; they see all things the wrong way.

True politeness is ease and freedom. It simply consists in treating others as you like to be treated yourself.

He knows very little of mankind who expects, by any facts or reasoning, to convince a determined party man.

The more deep and thorough our knowledge upon any subject, the more humble is our estimate of that knowledge.

The habit of doing wrong is strongest in the idle mind, and can be driven out only by something better occupying its place.

Femininities.

The night shows stars and women in a better light.

The future destiny of the child is always the work of the mother.

Good news for the women—Worth says "there is no fashion at all."

I would desire for a friend the son who never resisted the tears of his mother.

"Gone a ducking," is what they say of a fellow in Arkansas when he goes out to court a young lady.

The complexion of the Japanese is described as "a compromise between old gold and a brass kettle."

An exchange says that there can be no earthly reason why women should not be allowed to become medical men.

"The oldest inhabitant is usually a man," says an exchange. "But it needn't be if women only stand up to their ages."

A reporter, describing a wedding, said "it was all over in a few minutes." Gracious!—that sounds like a hanging.

A man has just been hung out West for killing his sister-in-law. His widow hardly knows how to dress under the circumstances.

Suspect men and women who affect great softness of manner, an untroffled evenness of temper, and an enunciation studied, slow and deliberate.

Someone asks: "How long is a man a bridegroom?" Not very long. In a majority of cases he becomes "short" before the wedding tour ends.

It is estimated from a statistical point of view that loss of appetite among young people on account of love annually saves to the country $100,000,000.

She knew music, and painting, and style, and possibly knew how to flirt; but—saints of the kitchen!—she asked for a grid-iron with which to iron a shirt.

These warm evenings are just the right time to pop the question, for the girl is usually ready to wilt before the young man has time to say, "Will thou be mine?"

A belle who six months ago was so lauguid that she could scarcely support herself at the altar, now throws a flat-iron 36 feet, and hits her husband every time.

A certain magistrate asked a prisoner if he was married. "No," replied the man. "Then," said his honor, amid peals of laughter, "it's a good thing for your wife."

"Women," once said a philosopher, "were invented to buy shilling calicoes." Since then she has been so far improved upon that nothing but $5.00 gros grain silk satisfies her.

"Have you got the rent ready at last?" "No, sir; me wife went out washing, and forgot to put it out for you before she left." "How do you know she forgot?" "Well, she told me so."

In some parts of Africa brides on their wedding-day have their front teeth extracted and their finger-nails cut very close. There is no such society for the protection of husbands in this country.

In India, girls cannot marry until they are 25. This is published merely to show the dear creatures of this favored land how very thankful they ought to be that they chose America for a birthplace.

One hundred tons of human hair are bought and sold each year, much of it being from the heads of the female convicts of Europe. Between the ages of fifteen and forty a woman can raise seven crops of hair.

Soft, white hands are no longer considered the greatest desideratum by the girl of the period. Instead, she prides herself on the callous palms and red knuckles which result from vigorous athletic sports.

Said bright-eyed little Julia, a Jersey City Heights girl of five summers, who was giving evidence of some bodily pain, when asked by her mother if she had the sideache: "No, mamma; but I've got the frontache."

"No, no, my son, do not laugh at a young woman because she cannot throw a stone with accuracy. When you shall have married her you may find that her awkwardness in propelling missiles is her chief charm."

It is the custom in a certain Hindoo caste for a woman about to marry to have her third and fourth fingers cut off at the first joint. That accounts for the peculiar scratch-marks observable on the face of the Hindoo husband.

A young girl being asked recently, as she returned from the circulating library with the latest novelettes, if she had ever read Shakespeare, tossed her pretty head and answered, "Shakespeare? Why, of course I have. I read it when it first came out."

"My dear madam," said the doctor, "if your little fellow can't sleep, I shall prescribe a soporifine." "Thanks, doctor," replied the fond mother, "I do hope he'll take it, but I'm afraid not. I never could get that boy to take kindly to soap in any form."

"George," said a young lady to her lover, "is your arm weak?" "No; of course not," was George's indignant reply, for he wanted to be considered an athlete. "Well, I thought it must be," said the maiden, "for you don't hug half as hard as some other chaps I know of."

"Miss Smith," he remarked, as they seated themselves in the ice-cream saloon, "will you begin on vanilla, and follow it up with lemon and chocolate, or would you prefer the chocolate first?" On the way home he asked her to marry him, and whatever she said, it wasn't "No."

At Springfield, Ohio, last week, a gentleman who recently returned from Munich, where he had taken a course in the art school, again married a young lady whom he had married six or eight years ago, a separation and divorce having followed a quarrel that occurred soon after their wedding.

News Notes.

China's population is put down at 280,000,000.

Hay fever is the fashionable ailment in London.

A Massachusetts lady has kept a diary for 73 years.

The first copper cent was coined in New Haven in 1687.

A horned rattlesnake is on exhibition at Los Angeles, Cal.

San Francisco pays her primary school principals $125 per month.

It costs $33,000,000 annually to support the dogs of the United States.

A Vermont man proposes to manufacture butter-color out of potato bugs.

The five positions in dancing were introduced into England from Italy in 1581.

It is said Mr. Arthur will practice law as soon as he is done with the Presidency.

Nearly 5,000 women are employed in the various government offices in England.

Yaller Dog and Raw Dog are the names of two little towns south of Heppner, Oregon.

A ticket nominated in Lucas county, O., is said to be composed exclusively of red-headed men.

A Virginia cat is reported to be rearing two young foxes along with her litter of kittens.

Leprosy is so increasing on the Pacific coast that in time it is likely to be within the reach of all.

"The razor of Daniel O'Connell" is labeled for sale in a shop window near the Seven Dials, London.

A San Francisco clothing house draws juvenile custom by distributing free marbles among the boys.

Melon brandy, said to be "potent and sedative," has been added by a Frenchman to the list of drinks.

Delaware had a colored man in her delegation to the National Democratic Convention in Chicago.

Colorado ranchmen say that there are two hundred thousand more cattle in that State now than ever before.

A Kentucky town which was named Hayesville, in honor of President Hayes, has been re-christened Andersonville.

Japanese girls spend all their extra money in sashes and fancy pins for the hair, and judge dress entirely by these two details.

London has a club known as the Albemarle, which is open to men and women alike, who share everything in common.

The milkmen are rejoicing over a medical decision, which says that cow's milk is not good for infants unless diluted with water.

One hundred dollars was the price paid recently for a razor presented to President Lincoln by his father when the former was a boy.

Feathers were first used as a headdress by Marie Antoinette, who tried their effects from curiosity, was pleased with it, and set the fashion.

A lodge of colored Masons in Boston is to celebrate in September the centennial of the grant of a charter to African Lodge No. 459, of that city.

A New York woman has been sent to prison for six months for beating her husband. A good many husbands will move to New York this year.

A postmaster in a village in the Northwestern part of this State has his name on the stamp-die of the postoffice. In this way he gets cheap notoriety.

Several tombstones were sold in Baltimore a few days ago, in a sale of unclaimed freight, for prices ranging all the way from five to fifty cents each.

Two cases have been reported to an English medical society, in which the electro-magnet has been successfully used for removing pieces of iron from the eye.

A "faith cure" that raised Mrs. Rebecca Kerby, who had been on an invalid's bed for forty years, is reported from Chardon, a small town near Cleveland, O.

In Brooklyn it is proposed to stifle the noises made by cats, by an ordinance requiring their owners to keep them shut up at night, under penalty of their being killed.

A sox was found floating down Styx river, Baldwin county, Alabama, recently, labeled "free transportation to hell," containing the bodies of two unknown negroes.

That glass could be made to take the place of iron and other materials for certain mechanical purposes, has lately been exemplified in the manufacture of glass pulleys for cable railways.

The Earl of Wilton has just had his tongue cut out. He bore the operation well, and it has been successful, at least in saving his life. Hitherto cancer in the tongue has been deemed fatal.

Two ducks were carried twenty miles from Long Island recently in a close car, but managed to find their way home again; and, as their wings were clipped, they must have walked all the way.

Locks of very curious construction, known as "Apostle Locks," were common in mediæval times. These locks had on the front the figure of one of the apostles, and, on touching the hands of the figure the bolts flew back.

At Salisbury, Md., lately, a man undertook to beat his wife. She knocked him down. He picked himself up, and, saying that he had nothing to live for after being vanquished by a woman, went to a pond and stood in water up to his neck for an hour. Finding this did not kill him, he went home.

New Publications.

An especially valuable article in the "Chemistry of Cookery" series, dealing with the process of bread-making, will be published in the August *Popular Science Monthly*.

"Cookery for Beginners," with Marion Harland's name as author, needs no other indication of its character and genuine value. It has been a fault of previous books on Cookery that they have taken for granted the possession of a certain degree of knowledge requisite to their successful use, not always possessed. This book, while affording a range of information unsurpassed by any other book, and thus suited to the use of all, has the advantage of being perfectly adapted to the needs of the veriest tyros in cookery. Kitchen edition in water proof cloth binding, limp, 60 cents. With extra pages, blank, for new receipts, in extra cloth binding, stiff covers, $1.00. Boston D. Lothrop & Co.

MAGAZINES.

The English Illustrated Magazine for July contains much that is excellent in the way of literary matter and illustration. Among the articles most of which contain several splendid engravings are: The Seine Boat—The Perilous Moment; The Royal Collection of Miniatures at Windsor Castle; The Weasel and His Family; How a Bone is Built; etc. In lighter literature we have: The Armorer's' Prentices, The Author of "Beltraffio"; An Unsentimental Journey Through Cornwall, etc. The departments, poetry etc., are likewise good. Price 15 cts. Macmillan & Co., 112 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

The St. Nicholas for July will arouse the interest and enthusiasm of all patriotic boys and girls who read it. "A Fourth of July Among the Indians" is an amusing description, by W. P. Hooper, of a recent celebration of the national holiday on the plains. A valuable contribution by W. W. Crannell is entitled "The Youngest Soldier of the Revolution," in which the story of Richard Lord Jones is graphically told, accompanied by a fac-simile engraving of a three-dollar bill presented to the hero by Mrs. Martha Washington. In fact the current number is crowded with interesting reading for young folks, containing much information presented in an agreeable shape. The Century Co., New York, Publishers.

The July *Magazine of American History* is a good issue from every point of view. Among its articles are: A Business Firm in the Revolution, by J. Hammond Trumbull LL. D., President of the Connecticut Historical Society; French Spoliation Before 1801, by James G. Gerard; Rousseau in Philadelphia—which is a discussion of the origin of the Declaration of American Independence—by Lewis Rosenthal; Washington in 1861, by Lieut. General Charles P. Stone; and The Schuyler House at Albany, and a sketch of Chief-Justice John Marshall, both of which are illustrated. The frontispiece of the magazine is an admirable portrait of Chief-Justice Marshall. Minor Topics contain: Burr, Hamilton, and James Monroe: Franklin and John Paul Jones; and John Colter. The five standing Departments, Notes, Queries, Replies, Society and Book Notices, are crowded with varied information and entertainment. Published at 30 Lafayette Place, New York City.

The July number of *The Century* contains a carefully-prepared paper on John Bright as an orator and a parliamentarian, Mr. T. H. S. Escott determines that the great English Radical has an innate conservatism which has saved him from extravagance. A frontispiece engraving accompanies the paper. Julian Hawthorne contributes an interesting account of the Scenes of Hawthorne's Romances, in which he describes Concord, Boston and Brook Farm. Illustrations by Harry Fenn enhance the value of the article. There are also a number of other interesting and instructive papers, including a poem by Irwin Russell, the writer of negro and dialect verse, who died a few years ago, entitled Nine Graves in Edinbro'. The various departments including Topics of the Time; Open Letters; Brie-a-Brac; etc., contain a great deal of matter which is as useful as it is entertaining which is the very brightest praise. The Century Co., New York, Publishers.

The Manhattan for July has a humorous short story by Frank R. Stockton, entitled Plain Fishing, and a biographical and critical paper on the Earl of Dufferin by J. L. Whittle, which will be read with interest. Mr. Frank Vincent, Jr., has a paper on White Elephants, in which he maintains that no white elephant has ever been allowed to leave Asia. Shall We Open Shakspeare's Grave? is the title of an article written by J. Parker Norris, of this city, in which the writer argues in favor of the opening. Fair Verona; Arthur O'Shaughnessy; Riverside Park; Retrospections of the American Stage; etc., etc. There is also plenty of good poetry; and well filled departments. The Manhattan Magazine Co., New York.

It was his first attempt on roller skates, and as they brought him to in the toilet-room he remarked: "I tell you boys that was gorgeous. I must have knocked in the whole dome of heaven, the way those stars flew 'round. I wonder if there's any left for the next man."

A vegetable product used only in Ayer's Ague Cure, has proved itself a never failing remedy for all malarial disease. Warranted.

Facetiæ.

What the girls are not apt to object to—Sunday males.

What is the count on which you always lose? Discount.

A button is one of those events that are always coming off.

Men who are glad to have a deaf ear turned to them—Aurists.

Why is an infant like a diamond? Because it's a "dear little thing."

Why are chickens' necks like door-bells? Because they are often wrung for company.

Why is sympathy like blindman's buff? Because it is feeling for our fellow creatures.

It is a mean man who will stick up a sign near the white elephant: "Look out for paint."

Who performs miracles on earth now? The sculptor—because he makes a man out of a block of marble.

An Irishman, speaking of a relative who was hanged, said that he died during a tight-rope performance.

A war-horse is always spoken of as a heavy charger, and yet we never hear of a tailor being called a war-horse.

Why are the letters c and s in the word cloves, although separated, closely attached? There is love between them.

Lords are not much thought of in this country; but counts have a great deal to do with American ballot-boxes.

A Mexican paper publishes a story about a "wild boy." We suppose the boy couldn't raise 50 cents to go to the circus.

Why are lawyers and doctors safe people by whom to take example? Because they always practice their professions.

Why is it dangerous to health to emigrate to the Black Hills? Because the rage for gold is an incurable type of yellow fever.

How would you give comfort to fat people? No one can think small beer of himself when he is well aware that he is stout.

Superfluous Hair.

Madame Wambold's Specific permanently removes Superfluous Hair without injuring the skin. Send for circular. Madame WAMBOLD, 198 West Springfield Street, Boston, Mass.

☞ When our readers answer any Advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by naming the Saturday Evening Post.

A Pretty Woman's Secret.

Fear of discovery, when she resorts to false hair and dyes, is a source of constant anxiety to her. The very persons from whom she most desires to hide the waning of her charms are the ones most likely to make the discovery. But there is no reason why she should not regain and retain all the beauty of hair that was her pride in youth. Let her use AYER'S HAIR VIGOR, and, not only will her hair cease to fall out, but a new growth will appear where the scalp has been denuded; and locks that are turning gray, or have actually grown white, will return to their pristine freshness and brilliance of color. AYER'S HAIR VIGOR cures

Hereditary Baldness.

GEORGE MAYER, *Flatonia, Texas*, was bald at 23 years of age, as his ancestors had been for several generations. One bottle of HAIR VIGOR started a growth of soft, downy hair all over his scalp, which soon became thick, long, and vigorous.

Ayer's Hair Vigor

is *not a dye*, but, by healthful stimulation of the roots and color glands, speedily restores to its original color hair that is

Turning Gray.

MRS. CATHERINE DEAMER, *Point of Rocks, Md.*, had her hair suddenly blanched by fright, during the late civil war. AYER'S HAIR VIGOR restored it to its natural color, and made it softer, glossier, and more abundant than it had been before.

Scalp Diseases

Which cause dryness, brittleness, and falling of the hair, dandruff, itching, and annoying sores, are all quickly cured by AYER'S HAIR VIGOR. It cured HERBERT BOYD, *Minneapolis, Minn.*, of intolerable **Itching of the Scalp**; J. N. CARTER, *Jr., Occoquan, Va.*, of **Scald Head**; MRS. D. V. S. LOVELACE, *Lovelaceville, Ky.*, of **Tetter Sores**; MISS BESSIE H. BEDLOE, *Burlington, Vt.*, of **Scalp Disease and Dandruff.** Torpidity of the roots of the hair, which, if neglected, may result in incurable baldness, is readily cured by AYER'S HAIR VIGOR. As

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This Illustration represents, upon a small scale, a very handsome and desirable **Ladies' or Gentlemen's Writing Desk**, a large quantity of which we have lately imported from Europe. Our illustration represents the desk open: when closed it has the appearance of a large book in handsome binding. The outside of the Desk is of bright red Leatherette, or Imitation leather, embossed in gold and black; the interior is finished in dark green, red and white, and it has compartments for paper, envelopes, pencils and pens. Likewise is supplied with an ink bottle. It is a handsome as well as durable writing desk, and something that everybody needs and has use for. We publish the well-known and popular Illustrated Literary and Family paper, **The Fireside at Home**, and, wishing to increase its circulation to 100,000 or more during the next few months, we now make the following unprecedented offer! *Upon receipt of only* **Forty-two Cents** *in postage stamps we will send* **The Fireside at Home** *for* **Six Months**, *and to every subscriber we will also send Free and post-paid, the handsome* **Writing Desk** *above described.* THE FIRESIDE AT HOME is a mammoth 16 page, 64 column paper, beautifully illustrated, and filled with charming Serial and Short Stories, Sketches, Poems, Useful Knowledge, Biography, Travels, Wit and Humor, and everything to amuse, entertain and instruct each member of the family. It is one of the largest, handsomest and most interesting family papers published, and you will be delighted with it, as well as with the valuable and useful premium we offer. Remember, we send this splendid Writing Desk *free* to all sending 42 cents for a *six months'* subscription to our paper. Five subscriptions and five writing desks will be sent for $1.68; therefore by getting four of your friends to send with you, you will secure your own paper and premium free. This great offer is made solely to introduce our paper; take advantage of it at once! *Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.* As to our reliability we refer to any publisher in New York, or to the Commercial Agencies. Address, S. H. MOORE & CO., Publishers, 37 Park Place, New York.

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The first person answering this question correctly, on or before August 30th, will receive $75 cash. If we receive more than one correct answer the second will receive $70, the third $60; the fourth $55; the fifth $50; the sixth $25; the seventh $20; eighth $15; ninth $10; tenth $8; eleventh $6; twelfth $4; thirteenth $2; ten Ladies' Gold Watches to the next ten correct answers, and one dollar each to the next one hundred people answering it correctly. If you are not the first, remember that you may be the second or third, so you stand a good chance for a large prize. Each competitor must, in every case, send 50 cents for **One Year's subscription** to **THE POULTRY KEEPER** with their answer. This journal is a large 16-page illustrated Poultry Paper, devoted to telling

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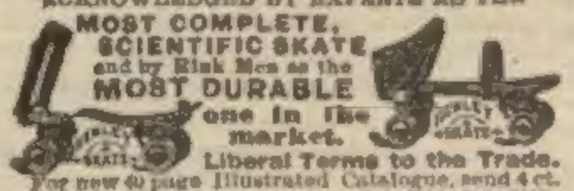

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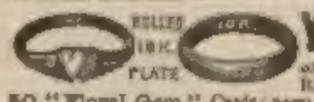

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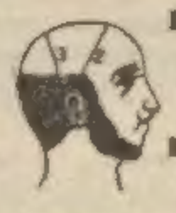

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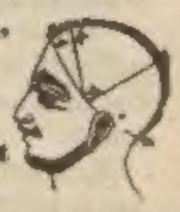

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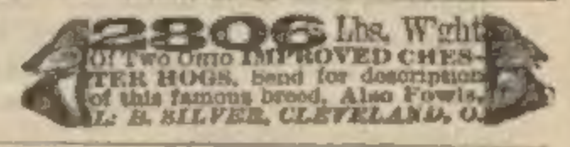
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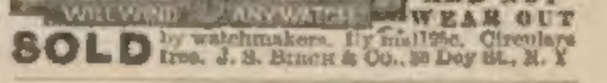

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From **"HEALTH SECRETS FOR WOMEN"**—Much has been written in the last few years, upon the causes of the alarming prevalence of Female Weaknesses, and Diseases, in America. Fault has been found with the three or more flights of stairs of our dwelling and school houses, with operating on sewing machines, with the too long standing, required of lady clerks in stores, and so on. Much stuff has been written. The secrets are to be discovered more commonly in voluntary habits, quite outside of duty, occupation or surroundings, such as dress, diet, rest, exercise, fresh air, bathing, etc. To remove the causes of these troubles, the great thing to do, is to make ladies acquainted with physical laws, and with the possible serious consequences of neglecting nature's demand, particularly when special functions are involved.

HEALTH SECRETS FOR WOMEN.

"HEALTH SECRETS FOR WOMEN," is a little book by J. J. Lutze A. M., M. D., Ex. U. S. Ex. Surgeon, Ex. Sec. to the Saginaw Academy of Medicine, author of various Monograms on the Diseases of Women &c., &c. It contains a description, in plain language, of the functions peculiar to woman, explains the causes of female weaknesses and diseases, and tells how to avoid, relieve, and cure such complaints. The book is full of useful information, and is written in such a way as to be instructive, and at the same time free from all suspicion, or suggestion of objectionableness, in any sense. Every lady, particularly every mother, should read it, keep it for reference when needed, and at the proper time give it to her daughter to read. If parents would act as though responsible to their children, instructing them about themselves when making the critical passage from boyhood to manhood, or from girlhood to womanhood, how much suffering might be avoided. We should then have stronger, healthier men and women, mentally and morally, as well as physically, less cause for shame, and more happiness in the world. "HEALTH SECRETS FOR WOMEN," may be judiciously used by mothers, as a means through which, to give to their daughters, a word of instruction, advice, or warning, as occasion may require. The time has come in the world's great centres of learning, and the time is coming everywhere, when common sense, instead of prudery, must dictate the duties of parents, and it will no longer be considered the thing to allow our daughters to develop into womanhood, utterly ignorant of many of the dangers surrounding them, and of the terrible life-long consequences, of such health destroying practices, as are shown to be so sadly common, in the statistics and reports of our hospitals for women, and which arise from ignorance of the laws of nature. When children are educated as they should be, innocence will be better protected, and there will be a smaller, and less profitable field, for the unscrupulous operations of empirics and quacks. In "HEALTH SECRETS FOR WOMEN," the symptoms of all gynecian affections, are given, with such directions as will enable ladies to judge for themselves, whether their troubles are really serious, or not, and with instructions so plain and full, as to what to do, that self-treatment will generally lead to a cure. A copy of this book will be sent to every lady purchasing "DR. LUTZE'S SPECIFIC FOR WOMEN."

"DR. LUTZE'S SPECIFIC FOR WOMEN."

This remedy is not a compound, or a number of medicines mixed together, with a sort of desperate hope that if one ingredient does no good, another may; or that by some lucky chance all together may relieve and cure. It is a preparation containing the virtues of a plant, long and well-known, which has relieved more suffering, and cured more complaints peculiar to women, than any other medicine. The plant was used by the Indians, and early settlers, for centuries, and has justly attained a world-wide reputation, for its curative properties, in Female Affections. The difficulty has heretofore been, that every time the remedy was needed a fresh preparation had to be made, because of the highly volatile nature of the active principle. Dr. Lutze has overcome this difficulty, and succeeded in so preparing the remedy, without heat, that it can be kept ready for use when needed, and does not lose its virtues from reasonable lapse of time or age. Many medicines, obtained from druggists, whose establishments are not convenient to the great laboratories of our manufacturing chemists, where remedies are prepared for use, are found to disappoint expectation. From standing too long on the shelf after opening, in bulk they lose their remedial worth. To avoid any difficulty arising from carelessness on the part of druggists, whether from keeping too long after exposure, unconsciously substituting something else, or from other cause, we have determined to call the attention of ladies everywhere to our Specific, and to send the remedy by letter, upon proper application, to any address. In consideration of the very great usefulness of this preparation for ladies, we cannot think that it would be right to confine a knowledge of it to the medical profession. Delicacy, and other reasons, often suggest self-treatment in female troubles. With the information to be found in "HEALTH SECRETS FOR WOMEN," and with our Specific, ladies will frequently have better success in treating themselves, than by confiding their troubles to the care of general practitioners, who have neither the time, nor the disposition to make these affections a special study. We give a few symptoms and complaints for which this remedy is a specific.

The symptom of functional disorder, more common than any other, with married ladies, is "Weakness." Although this complaint requires early attention and treatment, because of the grave consequences which may follow want of care, it is the one of all others most neglected. The fact that there is little suffering, apart from the inconvenience accompanying this symptom for months or perhaps for years, sufficiently explains the too general carelessness. If the discharge is acrid, causes irritation of the outward parts, and this trouble is persistent, efforts looking for relief are natural. But it is too often the case, that there is no other inconvenience, than the extra trouble in connection with cleanliness, present for a considerable time. Then little warnings are felt. Occasional bearing down sensations, with headache, backache, and tired feelings, present themselves. At first they may be slight, and scarcely more serious than to attract attention. But by and by they increase in frequency, and become more severe, until at length life is made burdensome with suffering. Neglected, weakening discharges, cause more or less prolapsus of the womb, the natural supports of that organ and its appendages are put on the stretch, and that peculiar feeling, as of a constant bearing down weight, with the direct and remote pains and aches so well known, add to the suffering. That this condition of things, with the bungleSome attempts at relief so often made, in the way of using iron, or wooden, or glass supports, in connection with the delicate structures involved, (a barbarous practice happily going out of fashion) should sometimes lead to the formation of tumors—even of cancers—and to other serious local, and constitutional complications, is not so wonderful as that mischievous, or fatal consequences are not more general. Ladies should never neglect the first symptoms of "Weakness." Leucorrhœa is not natural, and while the trouble from it may be slight, the most alarming and distressing results may follow the want of care. Dr. Lutze's "SPECIFIC FOR WOMEN," is a functional tonic, secretion regulator, and nervine. It almost instantly relieves from pain, causes the disappearance of bad symptoms, and effects astonishing cures in leucorrhœa. Very complete directions for the management of this weakness, are given in "HEALTH SECRETS FOR WOMEN."

PERIODICAL SUFFERINGS.

In these troubles, efforts are usually made at the time of the periods, to quiet the pain, and relieve the discomfort, but if the intervals are comparatively free from annoyance, such efforts are too generally confined to seeking relief from pain, *when present*, and what should be done in the time between the periods of suffering, is neglected. Of course much may be done to relieve pain during the paroxysms, but the time when treatment does most good, is when the patient may feel quite comfortable in the intervals. When the pains are so sharp, and the aches and sufferings so terrible, as to make life miserable, even when free from pain, from a dread of approaching agony, serious applications for relief and cure are made in various ways, and the carefulness which should have been observed in the beginning, is attended to. Very often in attention and want of care, in cases of periodical suffering, or dysmenorrhœa, lead to agonies of distress, which it is terrible to witness. DR. LULTZE'S SPECIFIC FOR WOMEN gives immediate help in this class of troubles. The appearance of the scanty, reluctant secretions, in gushes, with a little relief—the suppression again, with returning pain, showing the difficulty nature has in doing her function, and these troubles continuing a longer or shorter time, till natural order is at length established for the month, with the various other symptoms from other than mechanical obstructions, are easily cured by this valuable remedy.

TOO FREQUENT AND TOO PROFUSE FUNCTIONS.

These irregularities commonly arise from a congestion of the parts, or an unnatural sensitiveness of the nerves controling them, and unless looked after and corrected in time, may lead to a general weakening of the constitution, low vitality, a marked decline, and to consumption.

In all these affections our Specific operates as a tonic, and sedative, strengthening the organs and the parts supporting them and promoting regular natural action. In Prolapsus Uteri; Displacements; "for preventing accidents sometimes caused by these troubles, but too often rather desired than guarded against;" to lessen the pains inseparable from motherhood; for establishing and maintaining the natural secretions for nourishing a child; as a means to correct ordinary disabilities, giving wives a knowledge of the ineffable joys of motherhood, and enabling them to confer upon their husbands the happiness of being fathers: for all functional disorders of girlhood, womanhood, motherhood and the change or life, and for the weaknesses and diseases arising from, and growing out of, these complaints, our remedy seems to be the one thing nature intended to relieve and cure. Sir J. Simpson, one of England's most eminent physicians, says of the plant from which DR. LUTZE'S SPECIFIC is prepared; "It is highly beneficial for women, who during pregnancy, and after confinement, occasionally suffer from great mental disturbance, sometimes amounting to madness." Indeed it has cured many cases of insanity, due to functional disorder. Prof. Ringer in his great work, so well known in all countries, treating on medicines in disease, speaks most highly of its value in female complaints, and gives other affections in which its immediate action, and curative effects, are astonishing. He thus states a case: "When the menses are suddenly checked from cold, shock, or mental emotion, or when from similar circumstances, the lochia are suppressed, distressing symptoms are apt to occur; as more or less severe pain in the head, in the back, and down the legs, stiff, sore muscles, and bearing-down pains. *This remedy will restore the secretions*, and remove the accompanying symptoms." Again: "It has been given, it is said, with much success, in influenza, and catarrh, accompanied with headache, stiffness of the muscles, dull, aching pain in the bones, and a bruised sensation, as if the body had been beaten all over." Again: "A patient is first troubled with pains, apparently rheumatic, in most of the joints, but with scarcely any fever or swelling. The disease soon seats itself in one part, as the wrist, or hand; the tissues here become thickened, the bones of the wrist enlarged, till after a time all movement is lost, and the member becomes useless. The Author has witnessed several times, the almost instant relief given by this drug, in cases like that just described, after iodide of potassium, and other remedies, have been fairly tried in vain, the pain giving way at once, and the joints becoming again supple and useful." This Author also speaks of the astonishing cures made by this remedy, in St. Vitus's Dance, Acute and Chronic Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago, simple and putrid Sore Throat and says that it is most highly praised by those most experienced in its use.

In the U. S. Dispensatory, the remedy is thus referred to: "It was originally employed in domestic practice in rheumatism, dropsy, hysteria, and various affections of the lungs, particularly those resembling consumption." "Several cases of Chorea (St. Vitus's Dance) were recorded by Dr. Jesse Young, in which it effected cures; and the Editor of the *Am. Journ. of the Med. Sciences*, stated that he had been informed by Dr. Physick, that he had known it, in the dose of ten grains every two hours, to prove successful in the cure of that complaint, in several instances." "We have administered the medicine in St. Vitus's Dance, with complete success, and have derived the happiest effects from it, *in a case of periodical convulsions*, connected with uterine disorder." "Dr. F. N. Johnson has employed it with extraordinary success in acute rheumatism; the disease generally yielding completely in eight or ten days." "It undoubtedly exercises considerable influence over the nervous system, probably of a sedative character; and has been thought by some to have a special affinity for the uterus. Our Specific stimulates the secretions, and regulates them; particularly, those of the skin, kidneys, and mucous membranes. We cannot too strongly recommend it, *in all family troubles*, for its *safety* and *certainty* of action; and apart from these complaints, in rheumatism, kidney diseases, dropsy, nervousness, headache, influenza, catarrh, sick-headache, feebleness from indiscretions, excesses, etc., etc.

Dr. Lutze will give advice, and full directions, for self-treatment, free, by letter, in all cases, and at once tell ladies who may suffer from any functional trouble, upon receiving answers to a list of questions, which will be sent upon application, what it would be advisable for them to do. If other remedies than our Specific are needed, the Doctor will either give full instructions what to get, and how to use such remedies free, or will send them, upon the receipt of cost. In "HEALTH SECRETS FOR WOMEN," ladies will find so much information, easily understood, on Female Affections, that they will generally be able to decide whether their troubles will yield to self-treatment or not. In the exceptional cases, where they cannot tell, we repeat, that upon application, Dr. Lutze will cheerfully, freely, and promptly send the necessary advice by letter. In fact we cordially invite confidential correspondence, and earnestly desire that ladies who are troubled with any weakness, or disease, of a functional character, may feel that we are always pleased to hear from them, and that it is no inconvenience for us to answer them, as that is part of our business. If the knowledge gained by unusual hospital facilities, and many years practice, largely devoted to the diseases of women, can be made useful for the relief of suffering, and the cure of disease, in connection with our SPECIFIC FOR WOMEN, or if such knowledge can be made serviceable in directing ladies what to do, in cases where operative interference, or other special treatment may be necessary, the Doctor will be glad to be in any degree, or in any way helpful. In female complaints, dyspepsia, or constipation of the bowels, are frequently, indeed, usually troublesome to some extent. Complete directions for their management are on every box of the Specific. The price of Dr. Lutze, SPECIFIC FOR WOMEN, is $2.00 a box. Upon receipt of the price, it will be sent by mail, to any address. All orders for the Specific, should be sent to Bowen, Lutze's & Co., 1119 Girard St., Philadelphia, Penna. In writing for advice, or for treatment, address, Dr. Lutze, in care of Bowen, Lutze & Co. In writing the proprietors of the remedy, or Dr. Lutze personally, give names plainly, and be sure to give the county and State, as well as the Post-office, to avoid mistakes. "Money in registered letters at our risk." The "manufacturers and sole proprietors of this valuable discovery" have made arrangements, whereby Dr. Lutze devotes his entire time, and exclusive attention, to the class of troubles for which the Specific is recommended, treating cases at distance, by letter, or personally, at the office. Consultation free at office or by letter.

☞ DR. LUTZE'S SPECIFIC FOR WOMEN cures, Pruritus Vulva, Vulvitis, Amenorrhœa, Leucorrhœa, Dysmenorrhœa, Menorrhagia, Inflammation, Ulceration, etc. etc. Everylady should keep it. "For the complexion it is better than arsenic," and it removes the roughness caused by powder or paint. Sent by mail on receipt of price.

Ladies' Department.

FASHION CHAT.

DRESS AND FASHION IN PARIS.

THERE are two leading types of costumes this season, each one again subdivided into many styles that differ only in slight matters of detail; one is the polonaise with its many varieties of draping, the other the pointed corsage with added Louis XV. basques, or with long panels framing the tablier on either side.

The straight pleated drapery at the back is decidedly in the ascendant, and is very much employed with panelled skirts in particular, as the lines harmonise well together and produce an agreeable effect. In some instances the panels are joined, but without meeting, in front or at the sides, by silk cords laced across from side to side, and restraining the flat pleats occupying the space between the panels.

The fashionable accordion pleats are also much used between panels, and have an excellent effect in this position.

Bridal toilettes are made in this way, with panels of broche divided by accordion pleats of plain satin, and the pleated back drapery of sufficient length to form the long train.

All skirts are mounted at the waist with a few gathers; the skirt may be fitted to the figure by means of pleats, but this is no longer done with the real dress skirt that covers it; this must fall easily from the waist all round, and there must be no appearance of tightness or straining.

All materials are worn, but all are not equally fashionable; shot silks are the chief favorites, and are worn for morning and evening toilettes alike, but heavier kinds of silk and velvet are also frequently employed, and combined with much lighter fabrics to form toilettes for the summer.

Lace is used in profusion, and some of the prettiest summer costumes are made mainly of lace, or else of plain and embroidered voile.

Skirts of shot silk are often covered with narrow scalloped flounces. A good model, in red and green shot silk, has a number of these little flounces arranged diagonally from the top of the skirt to the edge.

Each flounce is veiled by another one of ecru lace of the same depth, just showing the scallops of the silk flounces.

Very short paniers of shot silk are lined with cerise, and a straight drapery of foulard, also lined with cerise, is fastened on to the point of the corsage and falls to within an inch of the edge of the skirt.

The corsage is of foulard, with a plastron of shot silk covered with a puff of ecru lace, and fastened at the point where the paniers meet with an embossed silver buckle.

The half length sleeve is widely opened, but is a mere foundation for an over-sleeve formed of narrow lace flounces.

Skirts made of shot silk, of voile, and of etamine are often pleated in fine flat pleats from the waist, like a child's dress.

A charming dress for a young lady is made in this way of shot silk in tiny chequers, the colors being lilac and red. The skirt is tucked from the waist to the edge, the tucks a little under two inches wide. The corsage is, of plain velvet with Louis XV. basques in front and a point at the back; a full straight drapery of velvet, lined with plain shot silk, is pleated in large pleats and joined on to the point.

The same dress, made in ecru etamine or beige voile, would be improved by having a band of green, blue, or grenat velvet, the same width as the tucks, placed at the edge of the skirt below the tucks; the back drapery in this case would be of the voile or etamine, in the shape of a very large sash bow with a cross-piece of velvet, and placed high on the point of the corsage. A puffed plastron of etamine or voile would ornament the front of the corsage, and terminate in paniers joining the drapery at the back.

A turn-over collar of velvet and parements of the same would fittingly complete this costume, which may be recommended for its good and simple style and economy.

Now that plain skirts are becoming fashionable, mohair, which is too stiff a material to drape well, is again coming to the fore.

Well made up it is a serviceable and durable material, and makes excellent walking and traveling costumes.

A rather dressy walking costume is made of fine silver grey mohair, embroidered in front with steel beads, and bordered by a bias band of steel grey moire. The skirt is flat in front, but very full at the back and mounted in large pleats falling straight down.

The Louis XV. corsage of mohair is embroidered with steel beads in front, and opens over a waistcoat of grey moiré. The back terminates in coat-tails with revers of moire, ornaments of steel bead embroidery being placed at the edge of the basques; the collar and parements are of grey moire.

It will, of course, be understood that the large pleats at the back, taking the place of a puffed drapery, are fastened underneath and kept in place by tapes or elastic.

Walking costumes of a rather stylish and elaborate character are in great demand at this season, and the following is a model that may be recommended to ladies over thirty, as it is essentially stylish and ladylike without being too conspicuous.

The skirt is of faille in a pretty shade of fawn and covered with a series of gathered flounces.

A long, rounded, draped tunic of very fine fawn cashmere is bordered with a thick ruche of pinked-out faille, and caught up on the hips with rosettes of satin ribbon to match.

The back drapery is of faille, rather short and very much puffed. A mantle to correspond is made of the fawn cashmere; it is gathered at the neck, short at the back and falls in long pointed ends in front.

All the edges, the neck and fronts, are trimmed with pinked-out ruches of faille, and wide satin strings starting from the sides beneath the arms are carelessly tied in front below the waist.

To complete this toilette the chapeau should be of the same color, either in straw or gauze, to which bows of the fashionable cerise or poppy-colored red velvet could be added.

Double sleeves, principally for visites and jackets, but sometimes for costumes, are rapidly gaining ground; a great deal more attention is in fact now paid to sleeves than they have been supposed to require for a long time past.

A vetement, half redingote, half visite, is a graceful novelty. It is made of broche and trimmed with lace, and, with the exception of the sleeves, is entirely in redingote form; the sleeves are visite shape and very elegant in form.

In some models the sleeves are composed entirely of rows of lace, in others of some silken fabric differing from the remainder of the vetement.

A corsage made of fine black crepon, trimmed with lace and jet, is one of those useful models that can be worn with a variety of black skirts, of which the corsage is unsuited for evening wear.

The back ends at the waist under an added puff of lace.

Two long Louis XV. basques trimmed with lace cover the hips, and the corners are turned back with small garde-francaise revers of velvet.

In front a puffed plastron of lace is edged with square velvet revers, the plastron terminating in paniers draped over the basques and caught up under the back drapery.

The corsage is fastened with jetted ornaments at the neck and waist across the plastron, long pendants falling from the ornaments.

Similar jetted motifs are placed on the velvet revers of the basques and on the elbow sleeves.

Grey, although still to a certain extent fashionable for costumes, in a color that is quite demode for chapeaux.

Beige is a very pale shade, with a pinkish rather than a yellow tint, has entirely superseded grey for capotes and children's hats. The new shade of beige is a delicate half tint that harmonises admirably with flowers in every hue, and flowers have almost as entirely taken the place of feathers, as the color beige has that of grey.

The only exceptions are to be found in little bouquets of flowers and feathers combined, the feathers chiefly used being the smallest possible peacocks' feathers.

These are exceedingly pretty grouped with small white pink, or mauve flowerets; but everything is small in the way of trimmings for bonnets; flowers, feathers grasses, etc., must all be of the smallest and most delicate kinds, although when grouped together they form large bunches.

Fireside Chat.

ON VARIOUS MATTERS OF INTEREST.

ALTHOUGH the confectioner's art has to a certain extent relieved the housewife from many duties which in times past she considered most essential, yet she still takes delight in her home-made preserves and looks with a feeling of pride upon her storeroom, with its rows of neatly-labeled bottles and jars, each the product of her own handiwork.

It is true that many of these—or, rather, imitations of them—might have been purchased at a cheaper rate and with a saving of time and trouble; yet she knows that what she has are at least what they profess to be, and this knowledge, is certainly a consolation that may well outweigh the other considerations.

We know there are difficulties and failures to discourage the housewife and sometimes prevent her in her preserving operations from preserving her temper and patience, and it is for the purpose of aiding her in avoiding these difficulties and failures that we will now give a few hints.

The first and most important thing to be attended to is the selection of the fruit. This, to insure the finest flavor, should have been gathered in the morning of a bright, sunny day; but as this is an advantage which none but the country housewife can be sure of, she who is not blessed with a rural home must take her chances in this particular.

She should see, however, that the fruit is sound, perfectly clean and dry, and, as a general rule, thoroughly ripe.

There are essentials which her own judgment will find little difficulty in securing.

If not used immediately, the fruit should be kept in a cool, dark place until it is wanted.

At the same time, it is well to remember that the sooner it is boiled after gathering, the better.

The second important event is the sugar. Don't let her attempt to practice any economy here, either in looking for that which is cheap or in trying to pinch in the quantity used; for in the former case she will find her attempted thrift rewarded by an overabundance of scum, and in the latter her labor may be entirely thrown away, because, unless enough sugar is used in the boiling, the fruit will not keep.

Nor should she err the other way, and be too liberal with her sugar, for in that way she will lose the flavor of the fruit, and at the same time run the risk of having her preserves candy.

Fruits vary much in the amount of acidity they contain, and it is this variation that regulates the amount of sugar that should be used.

The preserving pan may be either an enameled one, or made of brass or copper. If either of the latter, care should be taken to clean it thoroughly.

In selecting preserve jars have none but glass.

They are preferable, because they allow the examination of the preserves from time to time, a precaution which it is well to take during the first month or two, in order to see whether they look as if they would ferment or mold. If they do, they should be at once removed from the jars and reboiled.

In storing preserves, a dry, cool place should be selected, and one to which the fresh air can have access, for dampness will soon mold the fruit, and heat cause it to ferment.

Jellies and Jams.—It is a good plan to make currant jelly on the same day with raspberry jam, because then you can use to advantage the thick juice that is pressed from the currants after the "clear" for the jelly has ceased to run.

Stem the currants and put them into a stone crock, the ordinary large one used for pickles.

Set this over the fire in a boiler of water, and let the water boil around the jar. When the currants are quite soft and swollen, dip them out and put them into a jelly bag; the ordinary linen pudding bag will do as well as a flannel one.

Let all the juice run that will come through by gently stroking the bag. If you squeeze it you will spoil the jelly. Before emptying out the currants, however, squeeze the bag vigorously into another bowl.

This will give a thick and cloudy juice, which will give your raspberry jam its delicious tartness.

Turn the bag wrong side out in emptying it, so as to keep all the seeds that might stick to it on the inside of the bag. Fill again with currants and repeat the same process as before.

Make your jelly first, as this will leave the kettle clean. A pound of loaf sugar to each pint of the juice.

Skim constantly, and let it boil twenty minutes only. Longer than this will make the jelly "go back," or "candy" it.

Then measure out the thick juice 1 pint to every quart of raspberries and 1 1-4 lbs. of sugar.

This is the proportion for jam. Boil half an hour. Fill the jam glasses quite to the brim, as the jam shrinks very much in cooling.

This is a delicious conserve for all blanc manges, rice cups, layer cakes, or Spanish pie.

Sweet Tomato Pickle.—Peel a peck of firm, green tomatoes, of medium size. Weigh them, and then put them into a kettle to boil, with enough vinegar and water to cover them. Boil the tomatoes half an hour, and then drain them closely through a colander.

A peck should weigh eight pounds. When sufficiently drained, return them to the kettle with two pounds of sugar, a tablespoonful of cinnamon, a dessertspoonful of cloves, and a teaspoonful of mace, all measured after they are ground.

Pour over all two quarts of vinegar, and simmer gently for three-quarters of an hour, when the tomatoes should look clear and be ready to put away in jars.

Pulled Bread.—Break up odd pieces of bread without crust into rough shapes, and dip them in and out of cold milk. Bake on a baking-sheet in a hot oven until a nice light brown color, and keep in a tin, to eat with cheese.

MEISSONIER, it is said, has made $10,000,000 painting pictures.

Correspondence.

INVALID.—We prefer not to give our opinion about any of the proprietary medicines of the day.

ROSE.—H. I. H. is an abbreviation of His or Her Imperial Highness; M is the Roman numeral for 1,000.

JENNY.—The shaving superfluous hair from the forehead can never be disguised, and is emphatically disfiguring.

ADDIE.—Stammering is frequently owing entirely to nervousness. Practice reading and speaking slowly in private.

PETE.—To have a healthy color is desirable; when a girl ceases to blush she has lost one of the greatest of her charms.

HONOR.—As a gentleman and a man of honor, confess your wrong and ask forgiveness. If she loves you she will forgive you.

MARY.—It is quite possible that powder of the kind may be prepared, but we have not heard of it, therefore cannot say how it is to be used.

L. A. (Monmouth.)—The Chinese are said to have invented chess, but some writers are of opinion that the game was invented by the Hindoos.

B. J.—It is a common error to suppose that an epithet means something insulting or offensive. The words, "handsome," "truthful," "honest," "just," "worthy," are all epithets.

BEL.—As the young man deceived you so often as to the postponement of the marriage and his engagement to his cousin, you ought to be cautious about believing any promises he makes.

CLERK.—It would be rude and most impertinent for you to accost a young lady whom you do not know. The fact that you have fallen in love with her would not be a sufficient justification.

CONSTANT.—Section 14 of the act of May 6, 1882, provides that "hereafter no State Court or Court of the United States shall admit Chinese to citizenship, and all laws in conflict with this act are hereby repealed."

ACTRESS.—All skin paints and cosmetics are more or less injurious. Rouge and carmine are the least pernicious in their effects; still they are not altogether harmless, inasmuch as they stop up the pores. Moreover, they render the complexion sallow.

HORACE.—If the young lady has been so indiscreet as to accept the pointed attentions of other young gentlemen when actually engaged to yourself and you have broken off that engagement in consequence, you should hesitate very much before you renewed it.

M.—Should you meet the young man it would be proper for you to express your regret at not having been at home when he called, and to ask him to call again at his convenience. If he should not accept the invitation it would show that he wishes to discontinue the acquaintance.

JOACHIM.—In Sparta, citizens who grew fat were soundly whipped. Naucls, the son of Polytus, was threatened with perpetual banishment if he failed to reduce his body within reasonable dimensions. Daniel Lambert died in 1806. He weighed, a few days before his death, 739 pounds.

A. V.—The six points of the People's Charter which the Chartists asked for were: 1, universal suffrage; 2, vote by ballot; 3, paid representatives in Parliament; 4, equal electoral districts; 5, abolition of the property qualification for members of Parliament; and 6, annual Parliaments.

J. M.—It is said that a certain brand of flour, well-known before the Revolution, was marked U. S., or "Uncle Sam," and thus, by a play on letters, Uncle Sam was accepted as a synonym for United States. The story is told in various ways, each as deserving of credit as such stories usually are.

S. W. M.—If you wish to know whether there is any patent upon luminous paint, why do you not apply to a patent agent or write direct to the United States Patent Office, Washington, D. C. All luminous paints must have phosphorus for one ingredient, but there is room for variety in the rest of the composition.

L. S.—You ought not to try and break your boy's spirit. There are few things that are of more value to boy or man than a strong will. You should so direct your son's spirit as to develop it into decision of character, without which no man or woman is, or can ever be, worth a button. Without decision of character, a man becomes either a snarling, fretful nobody, or a good-natured nobody—according to his temper.

ARIEL.—The ancient staples of Britain were wool, leather, lead and tin; and they used to be conveyed to staples or marts held at Newcastle, York, Lincoln, Norwich, Westminster, Canterbury, Chichester, Winchester, Exeter and Bristol, where public sales under the mayors were held. Butter, cheese and cloth were afterwards added. Wool being the chief staple, it was honored by furnishing the material for the Lord Chancellor's seat, and hence it is still called "the woolsack."

HEART-BROKEN.—It is plain that, for some reason, your husband does not care much for your society. It is a sad case for a wife; and the only remedy is for you to be so, much better than other women that he knows, and make your home and society so much more pleasant than any other place or society that he can find, that his own selfishness will compel him to prefer you and yours to all else. Do not complain to him; do not argue with him; do not let him see that you notice his neglect; but quietly exhale around him influences as attractive and unobtrusive as the fragrance of flowers. Such a course will be almost sure to awaken him to a sense of your worth and his duty.

D. W. D.—The rules of etiquette are not always so arbitrary as to be independent of peculiar occasions or of circumstances which must be guided by taste. Thus it may now and then become a matter of taste whether or not a gentleman should shake hands with a lady on being introduced to her. In the country, and in small places where frankness, cordiality, and downright good-heartedness override all considerations of technical politeness, people very frequently shake hands on being introduced to one another; but in formal circles, a polite bow on the part of a gentleman and an elegant curtsey on the part of the lady are the fashion for such an occasion.